THE BURR PORTRAITS

JOHN E. STILLWELL, M.D.

To _____

Compliments of

_____

THE

HISTORY OF

THE BURR PORTRAITS

Their Origin, Their Dispersal And Their Reassemblage

By

JOHN E. STILLWELL, M.D.

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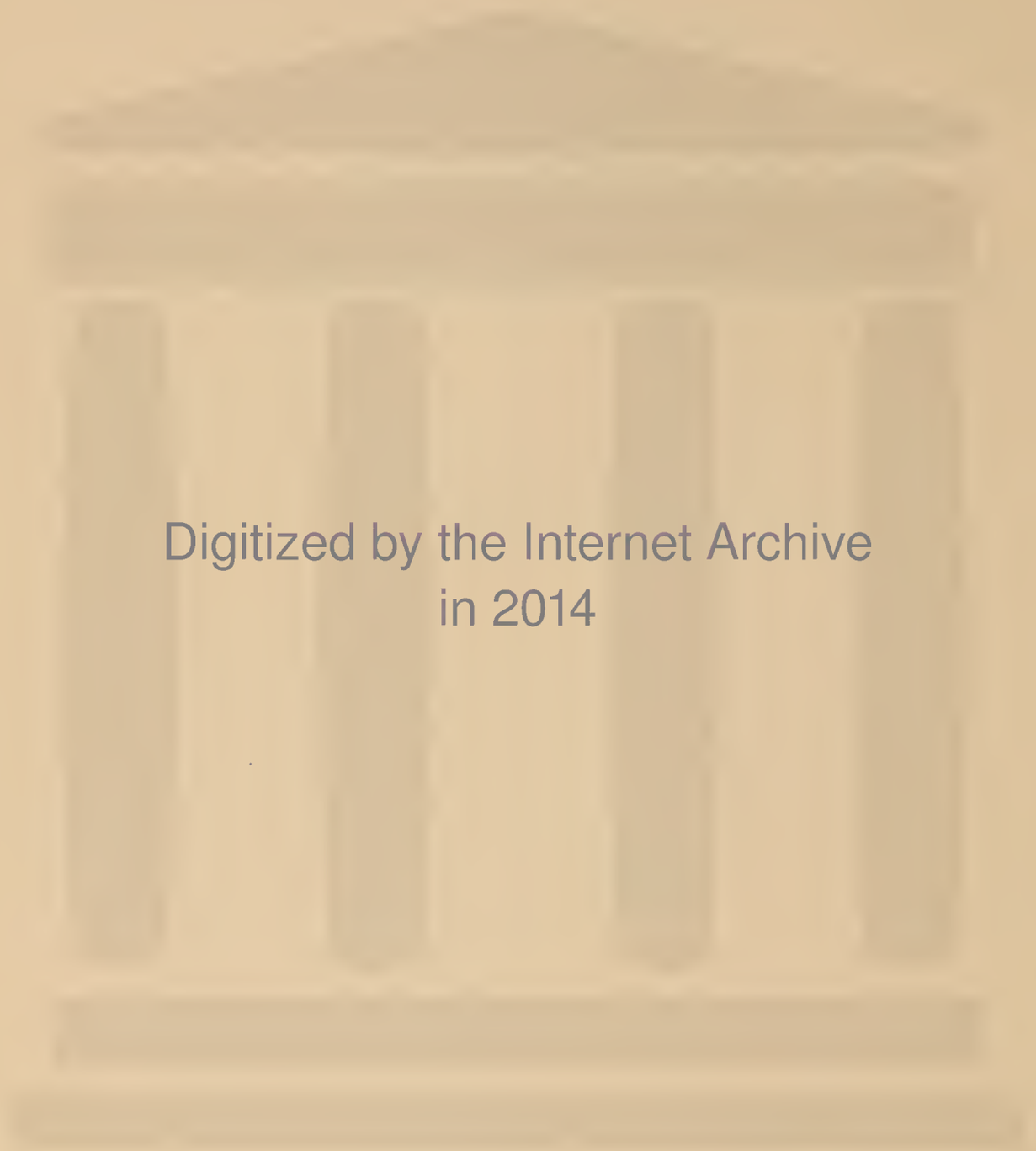


DEDICATED

TO

SAMUEL H. WANDELL AND MEADE MINNIGERODE

THE TWO CAPABLE AND TRUTHFUL HISTORIANS

OF

COL. AARON BURR

CONTENTS

Introductory

There are two reasons for compiling these notes—first, and mainly to save what I alone know; second, to correct that which others claim to know. To Pidgin, the enthusiastic, if somewhat sketchy historian of Colonel Burr and his daughter, I wrote, October 10th, 1901, the following letter, which he reproduced in his history of *Theodosia*, page 432:

"As I lay aside your book, '*Blennerhassett*,' I determine to thank you for your defence of Aaron Burr, and to express the hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you before long. Colonel Burr's mother-in-law was Ann Stillwell, she who successively married Mr. Bartow and Mr. De Visme, and who resided with her daughter, Mrs. Prevost, at the time of her marriage to Mr. Burr. In my family, where his life was well known, he had his detractors, yet some champions. Among the latter I class myself. The pursuit of information relating to him and his daughter brought me in contact with those who had known him personally, or those who were otherwise exceptionally informed. His last law partner was Colonel William Dusenbury Craft, who was in his extreme age under my professional care. His admiration for Burr and his knowledge of him were equally great. The authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, who befriended Mrs. Webb, *his* last friend, and who succeeded to Burr's effects through Mrs. Webb; the Bowrowson family, who served Burr in the capacity of coachman and cook, and who advanced him money when indicted by the Grand Jury for the killing of Hamilton, and who subsequently kept his effects; Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins, who Burr, in his will, made guardian of one of the two daughters he names; the family of his illegitimate son, Aaron Columbus Burr; members of the Edwards family; all these, and others, I have met and gleaned from. The result has been much information, and the original portraits of Burr and his daughter, Theodosia, to the number of five, and photographs of others, to the number of eight, as well as one of Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett. I can conceive it would interest you to see them, and surely it would please me to show them to one who has so kindly spoken for the originals."

Twenty-seven years have elapsed since then, and I have added much to my knowledge of the Burr portraits. In attempting to put it into readable shape, I have tried to confine myself solely to the art aspect of the subject, and to avoid touching upon the personal history of this much misunderstood American, and his admirable daughter. This now falls to the lot of that profound student of Burr's career, Samuel H. Wandell, Esquire, of New York City, whose life work, in collaboration with Mr. Meade Minnigerode, has been to compile the story of The True Burr, which, as told by their critical and erudite pens, reveals to us a man slandered, betrayed and martyred, one whose defence, even by his friends, has hitherto been inadequate if not lukewarm.

The vicissitudes of art make a story as old as art itself. The vicissitudes of Burr's art is a strange, pathetic tale of happiness and sorrow, success and misfortune, during which his paintings were accumulated and dispersed, to be again reassembled. Valuable now, as possessing historical and art worth, they were once, because of Burr's unpopularity and the recent date of their production, considered worthless. Few, if any, cared for their whereabouts and this indifference abided for years. I have never been able to determine the number of portraits that were painted of Burr and his daughter, but they were many. They apparently

were both willing sitters, and the supply of limners as well as their assiduity was great. Perhaps portrait painting was then one of the indulgences and pastimes of the rich. The insufficient description of the original paintings, the frequency of copies ordered, but perhaps not executed, and their oft changing ownership, made, for a while at least, the location of them difficult and their identification nearly impossible. When the list was apparently complete, new ones appeared and the end was again afar.

The Burr paintings group themselves mainly into two collections—one acquired before Burr's flight, and the other after. I know of seventeen in the first group, including the Indian Red Jacket and the diplomat Talleyrand; Adet and Gallatin by the youthful Vanerlyn; his father, The Rev. Aaron Burr, and his mother by Smybert; portraits of himself by Stuart, Trumbull, Sharples, St. Memin and Vanderlyn; portraits of his daughter Theodosia by Stuart, Vanderlyn and St. Memin, and portraits of Natalie De Lage Sumter, one a full face painting and another, the engraving by St. Memin. No doubt there were others, all of which adorned his home at Richmond Hill, where seemingly every foreigner of distinction, including future royalty, who visited our shores, was feted and addressed in his own tongue.

In the second group I know of twelve, including Mary Woolstonecraft by Opie, the Duke of Weimar, Dr. Gahn, of Sweden, Vanderlyn painted by himself, Madame Jumel by Inman, portraits of the De Lisles, progenitors of his natural son Aaron Columbus Burr, and portraits of himself by Vanderlyn, St. Memin, Inman and Vandyck.

We may even create another group, one, which includes two portraits of Theodosia, belonging to the Alstons, the unfinished portrait of Theodosia, portraits of the Blennerhassetts, an additional likeness of Madame Jumel, and a marble bust, a bronze statue and the death mask of Colonel Burr.

There is a regrettable but unavoidable repetition in some parts of this compilation, for the history of a painting and an interview, occasionally repeat parts of each other, but both are essential, the interview because it is fuller and more *intime.*

To Messrs. Harrison A. McNear, Samuel H. Wandell, Meade Minnigerode, Walter F. McCaleb, William H. Shelton, John C. Tomlinson, Dr. Laporte and others, I am grateful for aid, and appreciatively acknowledge my obligations.

Pen Portraits

Of

Aaron Burr

I HAVE at length been gratified with a sight of the late Vice-President, Aaron Burr; he arrived at this place on the 28th inst. from New Orleans. A few days after, I had the honor of spending an evening in his company. His stature is about five feet six inches; he is a spare, meager form, but of an elegant symmetry; his complexion is fair and transparent; his dress was fashionable and rich, but not flashy. He is a man of an erect and dignified deportment; his presence is commanding; his aspect mild, firm, luminous and impressive. His physiognomy is of the French configuration. His forehead is prominent, broad, retreating, indicative of great expansion of mind, immense range of thought, and amazing exuberance of fancy, but too smooth and regular for great altitude of conception, and those original, eccentric and daring aberrations of superior genius. The eyebrows are thin, nearly horizontal, and too far from the eye; his nose is nearly rectilinear, too slender between the eyes, rather inclined to the right side; gently elevated, which betrays a degree of haughtiness; too obtuse at the end for great acuteness of penetration, brilliancy of wit, or poignancy of satire, and too small to sustain his ample and capacious forehead; his eyes are of ordinary size, of a dark hazel, and from the shade of his projecting eye-bones and brows, appear black; they glow with all the ardor of venereal fire, and scintillate with the most tremulous sensibility—they roll with the celerity and phrenzy of poetic fervor, and beam with the most vivid and piercing rays of genius. His mouth is large; his voice is manly, clear and melodious; his lips are thin, extremely flexible, and when silent gently closed, but opening with facility to distill the honey which trickles from his tongue. His chin is rather retreating and voluptuous. To analyze his face with physiognomical scrutiny, you may discover many unimportant traits, but upon the first blush, or a superficial view, they are obscured like the spots in the sun, by a radiance that dazzles and fascinates the sight.

In company, Burr is rather taciturn. When he speaks, it is with such animation, with such apparent frankness and negligence as to induce a person to believe he is a man of guiless and ingenuous heart, but in my opinion there is no human creature more reserved, mysterious, and inscrutable.

I have heard a great deal of Chesterfield and the graces. Surely Burr is the epitome—the essence of them all; for never were their charms displayed with such potency and irresistible attraction. He seems passionately fond of female society, and there is no being better calculated to succeed and shine in that sphere; to the ladies he is all attention—all devotion; in conversation he gazes on them with complacency and rapture, and when he addresses them, it is with that smiling affability, those captivating gestures, that *je ne sais quoi*, those dissolving looks, that soft, sweet, and insinuating eloquence, which takes the soul captive before it

can prepare for defence. In short, he is the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be framed, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. The above description is taken from a letter written at Frankfort, August 30, 1805, printed in *The Port Folio, May 16, 1807. Petersfield. Magazine of American History, December, 1885.*

"Shortly after I came to the city of New York Aaron Burr was pointed out to me as he was slowly winding his way up Broadway between Chamber street and the old theatre on the City Hall side. I frequently afterwards met him in this and other streets. He was always an object of interest, inasmuch as he had become a historical character, somewhat notoriously so. I will attempt to describe his appearance, or rather how he appeared to me. He was small, thin, and attenuated in form, perhaps a little over five feet in height, weight not much over one hundred pounds. He walked with a slow, measured and feeble step, stooping considerably, occasionally with both hands behind his back, small, wrinkled face, keen, deep-set, dark eye, his hat set deep on his head, the back part sunk down to the collar of the coat and the back brim somewhat turned upwards, dressed in threadbare black cloth, having the appearance of what is known as shabby genteel. His countenance wore a melancholy aspect as well as his whole appearance betokened one dejected, forsaken, forgotten or cast aside and conscious of his position. He was invariably alone when I saw him, except on a single occasion, that was on the sidewalk in Broadway fronting what is now the Astor House, standing talking very familiarly with a young woman whom he held by one hand. His countenance on that occasion was cheerful, lighted up and bland, altogether different from what it appeared to me when I saw him alone and in conversation with himself. In looking at this fragment of humanity it appeared mysterious to me how he could have become famous in history, social as well as political, or become noted for either good or bad actions of any sort, but again when it is taken into consideration that it is not matter but mind that gives the stamp and produces the wonderful results." *Western Memorabilia. Gowan's Catalogue of Rare Books, No. 24, New York, 1886.*

The Bowrowsons

And The

Burr Portraits

IT EARLY becomes necessary to allude to a family of the name of Bowrowson, one of minor importance in Aaron Burr's life, but conspicuous in the history of the Burr portraits. When residing at Richmond Hill, in the zenith of his fame, Burr employed as his kitchen chef, a German by the name of Anthony Bowrowson. The man was a culinary genius and Burr's dinners became celebrated. His wife, Mrs. Bowrowson, was a plain, practical woman who assisted about the house. They were a thrifty pair and when Burr was about to flee to Europe and was sorely pressed for ready money, he borrowed it from them and they secured themselves by holding his personal and household effects. To cancel their claim Burr made over to them certain lots of land in the City, but there still remained an unpaid balance for which it was said they took a judgment. It is certain that Burr was unable to completely repay them their loan, for despite his oft repeated requests, they held his goods, among them a portrait of Theodosia, his daughter. When old Bowrowson developed alcoholic or senile dementia, his neighbors whispered that it was God's judgment upon him for his cruelty. While an ornament to Burr's home, these goods greatly overloaded the smaller house into which the Bowrowsons moved, on the west side of Sullivan Street, between Broome and Spring, where they kept a smokehouse and where most of the things, including terrestrial globes, books, china, paintings, etc., went to the garret. The paintings alone amounted to about twenty in number, and included not only his family portraits, but those of distinguished friends. Either before or after his service with Burr, Anthony Bowrowson kept a tavern. It lay in the valley south of Richmond Hill, and carried his surname—Bowrowson's Tavern. Burr was enjoined by his daughter, when about to set up housekeeping in the South, to secure her a cook, concerning which he wrote: "You are equally lucky with a cook. I have had him on trial a fortnight and he is the best I ever had in the house for cakes, pastry and jimcracks, far superior to Anthony."

The uninteresting Bowrowsons are now of necessity followed, as among them, in the second and fifth generations, Burr's effects come to light.

Bowrowson's family consisted of six or more children: Anthony, Christian, Nicholas, and still another son with a lame leg, and two daughters, one of whom, Theodosia, married Mr. Shelburg, an artist, and a man of good reputation and character. He, Shelburg, for a time at least, resided at 373 Broadway, in New York City, and some of his work is still existent in the shape of mediocre landscapes owned by David E. Hill, of Keyport, N. J. To this daughter, Theodosia Shelburg, upon the death of her parents, apparently passed most, if not all, of Burr's effects, and these she took with her upon her migration to New Jersey; and with her

they remained until rescued, in a fast perishing state, by Judge Odgen Edwards. Theodosia Shelburg was the mother of several children:

(1) Joseph A. Shelburg, who died along in years, at Hazlet, New Jersey, unmarried.

(2) Harriet A. Shelburg, who became the wife of David E. Hill, of Hazlet, New Jersey, a widower with children; she had no issue; I called upon her at the hotel, run by her husband, opposite the Hazlet Station, in the Summer of 1882.

(3) Eliza Shelburg, who died a spinster.

(4) Louisa Shelburg, who married, first, Mr. Kennedy, perhaps an artist, and second, Mr. Pool. By her first husband, alone, did she have issue. Her children were:

(a) William Kennedy, whose widow, in 1923, was living between Delaware Water Gap and Bushkill Falls, where she ran a boarding house, and had in her possession the knife box that Burr used during the Revolution.

(b) Edward Joseph Kennedy.

(c) Emma Kennedy, who married Edward Shelden.

(d) Cornelia Kennedy, who married Julius Van Meerbeek (or Meerbeck). This name Van Meerbeek should be emphasized, for it was from Cornelia Kennedy Meerbeek's son that I obtained the 1802, portrait of Colonel Burr, still in my possession, which establishes the fact that Theodosia Bowrowson Shelburg either retained, or had distributed, certain of the Burr portraits in her family, and Judge Ogden Edwards did not secure them all in his swoop.

The recovery of some of the Burr portraits is entertainly told in the *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society, for 1865-66, Vol. X, page 170.* Substitute the name Bowrowson for Keaser, and cut out the statement of extreme poverty, and the story will conform to facts. Before proceeding with the Ogden Edwards narrative, it might be well to here state that young Van Meerbeek claimed, in December, 1881, that his family still had the only existing portrait of Theodosia. This statement is, of course, patent error, but there still may remain, in some of the ramifications of his family, an early portrait of that distinguished woman. (See also Chapter on the Vanderlyn Portraits).

The Portrait of Aaron Burr presented to this Society by John Chetwood, Esq., was found in Milburn, in this County.

The relatives of Aaron Burr, Senior, President of Princeton College, knew that his son, prior to his breaking up his house in New York City, had a portrait of his father and mother, but they had disappeared, and although much sought for could not be found. It was reported, however, that Aaron Burr had entrusted them, with other family effects, to the care of a man by the name of Keaser, who for some years had been his body servant.

Judge Ogden Edwards, of the city of New York, who was a relative of Aaron Burr on his mother's side, had for many years made diligent inquiries for this Keaser, but could get no trace of him.

He had subsequently given up the hope of obtaining any clue to the lost portraits, and ceased his efforts, when, in 1847, passing through Pearl Street in the city of New York, he heard a person call to a drayman "Keaser come here with your cart and take these boxes." The Judge's curiosity was excited and he immediately turned to the drayman as he drove up

to the store and inquired if his name was Keaser. He said it was. The Judge then informed him that for some time he had been trying to find a man by the name of Keaser, who was in the employ of Aaron Burr at the time he lived in New York. The drayman replied that his father did for some years live with Aaron Burr, but he had no recollection of it, as it was before he was born, but he had heard his father often speak of Aaron Burr and of his living with him, and that his father had been dead for some years. The Judge asked him if his father had any portraits of Aaron Burr. The drayman said he never knew of any, but his sister who was much older than he, and who was a girl at the time his father lived with Aaron Burr, might give him some information on the subject, and stated where his sister lived.

The Judge immediately started in pursuit of the sister and found her in a small room in one of the many alleys inhabited by the poor in the crowded streets and alleys of the city; and was informed by her that her father had been in the employ of Aaron Burr, and when Burr fled from the city he left a great many things with her father, and that she remembered seeing some portraits, but what her father had done with them she could not tell, and referred the Judge to an older sister who was married and lived in the "Short Hills of New Jersey."

The Judge made many inquiries of the woman, but she evidently was unwilling to give him any information as to what had been left by Aaron Burr with her father, or what he had done with the property entrusted to him. She, however, stated that her father had been poor for some time before his death and the Judge concluded that he had disposed of it for his support.

As the Judge had never heard of the "Short Hills of New Jersey," he inquired of the woman where the Short Hills of New Jersey were, and she being really ignorant or not willing to give the information, said she did not know—that all she knew about them was, that her sister and her husband several years before came into New York to see her, and stated that they lived in the Short Hills of New Jersey.

As no further information could be obtained from her, the Judge determined to find these Hills, and soon after came to Newark and called on John Chetwood, Esq., who was then practicing law in this city to learn their location. On being told that they were but about eight miles from Newark, he informed Mr. Chetwood of his object and proposed taking a ride thither in pursuit of the lost portraits. Mr. Chetwood accepted the invitation, and they rode out to Springfield and were directed to the Hills on the west of the village, and after many inquiries they found the residence of the elder sister of Keaser, which was a small building with a lean-to, having but one room and an unfurnished low garret.

On entering the house the Judge recognized two portraits which hung on the wall as those of Aaron Burr and of Theodosia, his daughter, who married Governor Ashton of South Carolina. The only persons in the house were the sister of Keaser they were seeking, and several small children. They evidently were very poor. After some conversation with the woman the Judge offered the woman $5 for the pictures. She at once accepted it. The Judge asked her if she had any more, she said she had not, when a little boy said to his mother there were two in the garret that 'baby used to play with.' The woman said yes, but they were good for nothing. But at the request of the Judge she sent the boy up to get them, telling him one was in the window where the glass was broken out.

The boy went up the ladder which led to the garret and brought down two pieces of canvas which had been in oval frames. On spreading them out the Judge at once recognized them as the lost portraits of President Burr and his wife. The portrait of President Burr was much defaced, one of the eyes was gone, the paint having evidently been picked off the canvas in several places, and in other places broken off by folding. These two portraits the Judge also purchased.

The only information the woman could or would give, was that they were pictures her father had given to her and she kept them for some time, and the Judge left with the prizes he had for years been seeking.

On brushing off the dust they were found to be very fine paintings. Several artists have judged them to have been painted by Stuart. The portrait of President Burr is the only one known to have been taken. The portrait of Theodosia was a most beautiful painting, representing a woman just budding into life in full freshness of perfect beauty.

The Judge had the portrait of President Burr carefully cleaned and repaired, and from it was engraved the only likeness we now have of President Burr.

As the Judge had a portrait of Aaron Burr, the son, he presented the one they found to Mr. Chetwood, who, in 1849, on leaving for California left it with me, to be presented in his name to the Society, and as his gift it has been an interesting ornament to our room.

I have given these statements as they were related to me by Mr. Chetwood at the time the portraits were found.

(Communication from David A. Hayes, Esq., respecting the Original Portrait of Aaron Burr, in the possession of the New Jersey Historical Society).

The following courteous letter from Mr. Mooney is instructive. It tells us that he painted a copy of the original Reverend Aaron Burr's portrait, and refers me to Dr. McLean for the sadly abused original. What has become of this original portrait of the Reverend Aaron Burr and that of his wife I know not. Perhaps some of the authorities of Princeton College would know of the whereabouts of the portrait of the Reverend Aaron Burr and some of the Edwards family might know of the whereabouts of the portrait of his wife.

"Upper Red Hook
Dec 26/82

Dr. J. E. Stillwell
My dear Sir

I take the first opportunity to acknowledge your favor of 7 inst. which I found waiting my return home—had it arrived in due time (as I did not leave until the 12th) I should gladly have called on you in the City; which would have been more to our mutual satisfaction—I painted a portrait of President Burr, for Princeton College from a dilapidated picture which Dr. McLean told me was found (together with Mrs Burr's in a roll) in the loft of some house in New Jersey—It was greatly defaced—the paint had flaked & fallen off in consequence of the canvas being dry, but by placing it against the light in a window I was able to fill up the denuded parts & recover the form & features from which I made the Copy—I must have re-

turned the original to Dr. McLean who will remember the fact, & may be able to tell you what disposal he made of it—

I also painted a portrait of Judge Edwards, who sent to my room two portraits; one of Col. Burr, the other of his daughter Theodosia; both painted by Gilbert Stuart—& at the request of Judge Edwards, Martin Van Buren & Dr. Duer of Columbia College, called to see them—Mrs Van Buren & Theodosia having been intimate friends—I think you will find a son of Judge Edwards (lawyer) in the City, who can give you information of these portraits, & may have them in his possession—

I have seen no other portrait of Col. Burr, except a profile, cabinet size, painted by Vanderlyn, protege of Burr's—now in possession of the Historical Society— This is all the information I can give you, which I send with pleasure, hoping it may be of service to you—I shall be glad to call upon you in my next visit to the City, perhaps a month or two hence—Of Burr's servant appropriating his effects I know nothing—I shall be glad to see your portraits of Col Burr—

If you have a Vanderlyn I shall readily recognize it for he was one of our best painters

I anticipate pleasure in calling upon you & thank you for communicating with me in relation to the matter

Very truly yours
Edw Mooney"

October, 1892, my kinsman Professor John Stillwell Schenck, of Princeton College, wrote me: We (i. e. the College) have a portrait of President Burr—none of his wife or of Col. Burr. Ours (i. e. Reverend Aaron Burr) was painted, from the much damaged original, by Mooney, whose country place is Upper Red Hook, N.Y. And in a subsequent letter he stated that the original portrait of the Reverend Aaron Burr and his wife were painted by Smybert.

The Gilbert Stuart Portrait of Colonel Burr

And Its Copy By

John Vanderlyn

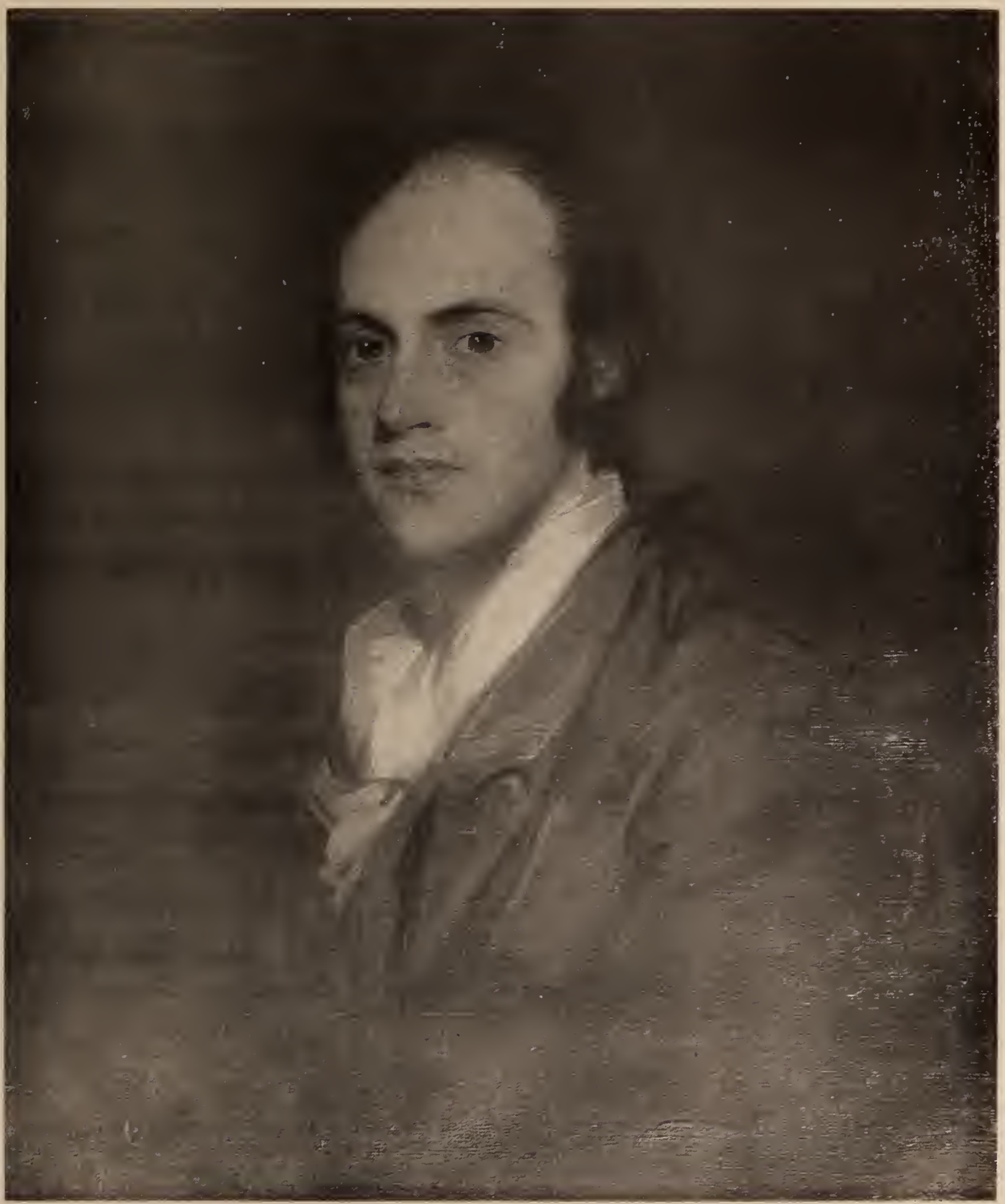
THOSE who have ancestors painted by Gilbert Stuart are fortunate. Gilbert Stuart is one of the most satisfying and brilliant portraitists of all nations and times, and the distinction and acclaim which he now receives is well merited. Born in 1754, in Rhode Island, a pupil of Benjamin West's in England, he painted until 1792, in Great Britain, when he returned to America. He remained in New York until 1794; thence to Philadelphia and Washington until 1806, when he removed to Boston where he remained until his death in 1828. It was doubtless promptly following his arrival in New York, in 1792, that Stuart painted Colonel Burr. Burr was then thirty-six years of age. It is difficult, most difficult, for me to recognize in the Gilbert Stuart portrait, owned by the New Jersey Historical Society, the features of Burr made familiar to us by the brushes of Vanderlyn and Sharples and the burin of St. Memin. To be sure the Stuart portrait is a two-thirds full face, while the others are all in profile, yet the dissimilarity is insistent inasmuch as the Stuart face is insensitive, the eyes are lacking in fire and the nose and upper lip are wanting in delicacy. There is some resemblance, however, in the shape of the forehead and perhaps the nose bears some likeness to that of the full face portrait of Col. Burr by Vanderlyn, painted a short time later. Then again too the Stuart picture has more the dreamy look of an artist and poet, dressed negligé, rather than the astute look of the lawyer and politician, which Burr was known to be, but the dignity and repose of the subject offset these detractions. Despite any faulty resemblance there exists evidence, indubitable and convincing, to prove this attribution to Stuart is correct:

(1) It is known that the Bowrowsons carried off the Burr portraits and that Judge Ogden Edwards discovered them, in 1847, at Short Hills, New Jersey, with this one among them; that he presented it to his friend John Chetwood, Esq., who, leaving for California, in 1849, left the painting to David A. Hayes, Esq., to be presented to the Society, which was done May 18, 1854, who subsequently submitted a communication concerning it, which was printed in the Proceedings of the Society, in Vol. X, p. 170, in 1865-6.

It is inconceivable that Judge Edwards, Burr's first cousin, whose intimacy with him was continuous and affectionate to the very end, and who must have known of the existence of the Stuart painting and its annexation by the Bowrowsons, could possibly have gone wrong in its identification.

(2) William Dunlap, in his *History of The Arts of Design*, tells us that this portrait of Burr, painted by Stuart, was copied by John Vanderlyn,* when a youthful student of art in New York, which was about, I deduce, in 1794-95, when Vanderlyn was aged eighteen or nineteen, and that he took his copy of the Burr portrait to Kingston, where he sold it to Ma-

*In *Parton's Life of Burr, Vol. II, p. 376*, appears a letter from Robert Gosman, of Kingston, stating that John Vanderlyn copied a portrait of Col. Burr by Stuart, which was bought by the representative in Congress, Major Van Gasebeck. This confirms Dunlap.



AARON BURR — GILBERT STUART

New Jersey Historical Society

jor Van Gaasbeck, then a Member of Congress from Ulster County. This Major Van Gaasbeck proves to be Peter Van Gaasbeck, a man prominent in public life in the early part of the 19th century. Burr's portrait passed from him to his daughter, Sarah Van Gaasbeck, who disposed of the painting during her life time, as I was informed, Nov. 8, 1882, by her legatee and executor, Charles K. Westbrook, of Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence County, New York. To whom it went Mr. Westbrook did not know, but Oct. 25th, 1882, I found it in the possession of Mr. Henry A. Burr, of 44 East 34th Street, New York City, who informed me that he had owned it over twenty-five years and that its previous owner had been Mr. George Burns, who either lived in West 39th Street, New York City, or Athens, opposite Hudson, New York, and that he, Burns, had had it for twenty years and had secured it, either directly from a New York bank president or directly from a man politically prominent in Kingston, with the statement that it was a copy by Vanderlyn of Stuart's portrait of Burr. Burns met with reverses and sold the painting at public auction, where Mr. Henry A. Burr became its owner, for $210., the New York Historical Society bidding against him. I suspect that this Vanderlyn copy of Stuart's painting was the lot No. 201½, which was sold as "*Likeness of Col. Aaron Burr, painted by Stuart,*" April 27, 1852, by John L. Vandewater & Co., at their salesroom, No. 12 Wall Street, New York City, in an auction of "*Revolutionary Reminiscences, Being the Balance of the extensive Collection of the Late Col. Aaron Burr, Consisting in part of the Original Letters of Washington, Hancock, Nathaniel Green, Hamilton, Lord Stirling, Lee, Gov. Taylor, Elias Boudinot, Timothy Pickering, Alex Hamilton, Count Pulaski, Clinton and many others. . . . Also, a Likeness of Col. Burr by Stuart, with many other interesting Relics.*" The lot following, No. 201¾, was "*Card Plate of Mrs. Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr, who was taken by pirates.*" The total amounted to 537 numbers. Seldom have pictures ever had a clearer provenance and it may be considered as established beyond dubiety that the original Gilbert Stuart portrait of Burr is now owned by the New Jersey Historical Society, while the copy of it, made by Vanderlyn is now in the possession of Princeton College, to which it passed from the heirs of the late Henry A. Burr, Esq. When I met this gentleman, in 1882, I was young, and he seemed old. He was then living in opulence as a retired merchant and all things pertaining to Col. Burr were most alluring to him. As a measure of his enthusiasm, he remarked that Burr's greatest error was that he had not shot and killed Hamilton twenty years before he did, in which I guess all Burrites concur. He showed me among his possessions, the ring presented by Talleyrand to Col. Burr, when leaving America for Europe. It was the heaviest ring I ever saw, beautifully chased gold holding a stone engraved with a profile figure with a shooting star or comet behind the head, supposed to typify Burr's career. The ring was given to Henry A. Burr, Esq., by Miss Theodosia Prevost, who died at Englewood, N. J., in 1864, who received it as a gift directly from Col. Aaron Burr. She likewise gave Mr. Burr the Colonel's cigar case and snuff box. Another relic that Mr. Burr prized highly was the spectacles that Col. Burr wore until his death, which appear in the Vandyck portrait. These he received from the gifted and amiable authoress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

To revert once again to the Vanderlyn copy of Stuart's Burr. It was a canvas about two feet by two and a half feet, painted at half-length, with the figure seated. The impression that the painting made upon me, in 1882, over forty years ago, and I have not seen it since, was

not pleasing, and while that opinion with riper judgment might now be modified, I recall it as having an effeminate face, one lacking in strong lines, with high and prominent cheek bones; a forehead large and bare, with the dark brown hair lying tight to the scalp, as if tightly drawn back on the crown, and long and curly on the sides hiding the ears. A kerchief-like drapery enveloped the neck, and below it on the front of his costume, appeared a few dashes of scarlet color. Subsequently I saw the original portrait by Stuart, in the New Jersey Historical Society, but I was too concerned in securing a photograph of it to study it.

At the same time Vanderlyn copied the Stuart Burr, in 1794, he copied a portrait of Egbert Benson, also by Stuart. At that date, 1794, Benson was forty-eight years of age, which establishes the fact that Stuart must have painted two portraits of Benson, the one now in the New York Historical Society, presented by Robert Benson, Jr., painted in 1807, when Benson was sixty-one years old which conforms to his looks in the picture, and the other, the one copied by Vanderlyn, in 1794, which Vanderlyn promptly sold to C. E. Elmendorf, Esquire. The whereabouts of the original of this first portrait of Benson by Stuart, and of its copy by Vanderlyn, I know nothing of.

The Beacon Biographies Of Eminent Americans contain a volume on Aaron Burr by Henry Charles Merwin, (Boston, 1899). "The photogravure used as a frontispiece to this volume is from a photograph of the painting by Gilbert Stuart, in the Possession of the New Jersey Historical Society. The present engraving is by John Andrews & Son, Boston." It is about three inches high by two and a quarter inches wide and on too small a scale to give the correct values.

Long after my own notes were gathered Lawrence Park's *Gilbert Stuart. An Illustrated Descriptive List of His Work* was printed. He described the Stuart portrait of Aaron Burr as follows: "New York, c. 1794. Canvas, 29¾ x 24¾ inches. He is shown bust, three quarters left, with his brown eyes directed to the spectator. His complexion is ruddy and his dark brown hair, brushed back and turning gray above his forehead, is tied with a queue bow. He wears a loose, grayish-black coat or morning gown, and a white loose shirt collar; a red waistcoat is seen above the lapels of his coat. The background is plain, of reddish-brown tones, the red being more pronounced around the head, and particularly near the right side of the face, with brown tones towards the edge of the canvas." Then follows the narrative which appeared in the New Jersey Historical Society's Proceedings for 1865-66, which is reproduced under my chapter on the Bowrowsons. Park further states that this portrait was listed as No. 22 by Fielding but not listed by Mason. Park then lists the Vanderlyn copy of this Stuart painting as "A Replica of the Preceding" and states that it is owned by the Museum of Historic Art at Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., and that it was presented about 1915, by W. O. Morse, Esquire, in the name of two descendants of Aaron Burr: Harriet Burr Morse and Marie Burr Hanna Curran. According to the donor, the portrait has always been in the possession of Burr descendants."

Reproduced, in half tone, in "*Romantic Days in the Early Republic*," *by Mary C. Crawford, 1912, facing page 111.* Not listed in Mason.

Aside from Park's gross error of describing Vanderlyn's copy, as a replica by Stuart, two *trifling* misstatements occur in his history of the painting: (a) Aaron Burr had no descendants in 1915, and (b) the portrait was only acquired by Mr. Henry A. Burr by purchase some fifty-eight or fifty-nine years after its origin.

The Trumbull Portrait

Of

Colonel Burr

ON MARCH 19th and 20th, 1896, now some thirty-two years ago, The American Art Association of New York City, sold, at auction, a remarkable collection of portraits and miniatures of American Revolutionary Generals, Statesmen and other celebrities, painted between 1775 and 1819, by John Trumbull, the able young artist, who was an aide-de-camp to Washington during the war and who, by reason of his position, had a rare opportunity to frequently meet his subjects at close range. The collection was the property of Mr. Edward Frossard, of Brooklyn, New York. Number 357, of the Catalogue, was: *Major Aaron Burr.* Pen and ink portrait on card board. J. T. 1786. 7 x 5 inches.

Number 358, of the same Catalogue, was: Sealed frame, containing lock of hair set in locket *Major Aaron Burr's Hair. J. T.*

Later, this miniature portrait was exhibited by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York City, the book dealers.

From Trumbull's well known brilliancy as a technician and portraitist, this little work should be a fine and accurate rendition of Burr's features, but, Oct. 6, 1923, Mr. Robert Hoe Dodd says: that "the picture was small and not very good," and that, while the 1896 records of his firm have been destroyed, they bought nothing at the Frossard Sale, and that the Burr portrait, with others of Mr. Frossard's collection, were merely on exhibition with them; and that the consensus of opinion was that Trumbull did not paint these miniatures, and that probably everything in the sale was a fake. What Mr. Dodd said "is from memory and he particularly explained the fact that all he says is a possibility; he does not feel he can speak with authority." Of this miniature I have no photograph nor do I know its present whereabouts.

The Two Sharples' Portraits

Of

Colonel Aaron Burr

JAMES SHARPLES was an Englishman, born in 1752-53. He was a *pastelist* of ability and sincerity and crayoned the small cabinet portraits by which he is known, with great rapidity, often completing them in two hours. For the profiles he charged, in America, the modest price of fifteen dollars, while for the full-faced ones he added five dollars more.

The colored chalks that he used were manufactured by himself and applied it is stated, not in stick form as is common, but in powder by a camel's hair brush through an adhesive medium upon a thick gray or brown paper of soft grain and woolly texture. The color scheme of his portraits was generally low and their size was commonly 9 by 12 inches. Occasionally he painted these small portraits in oils.

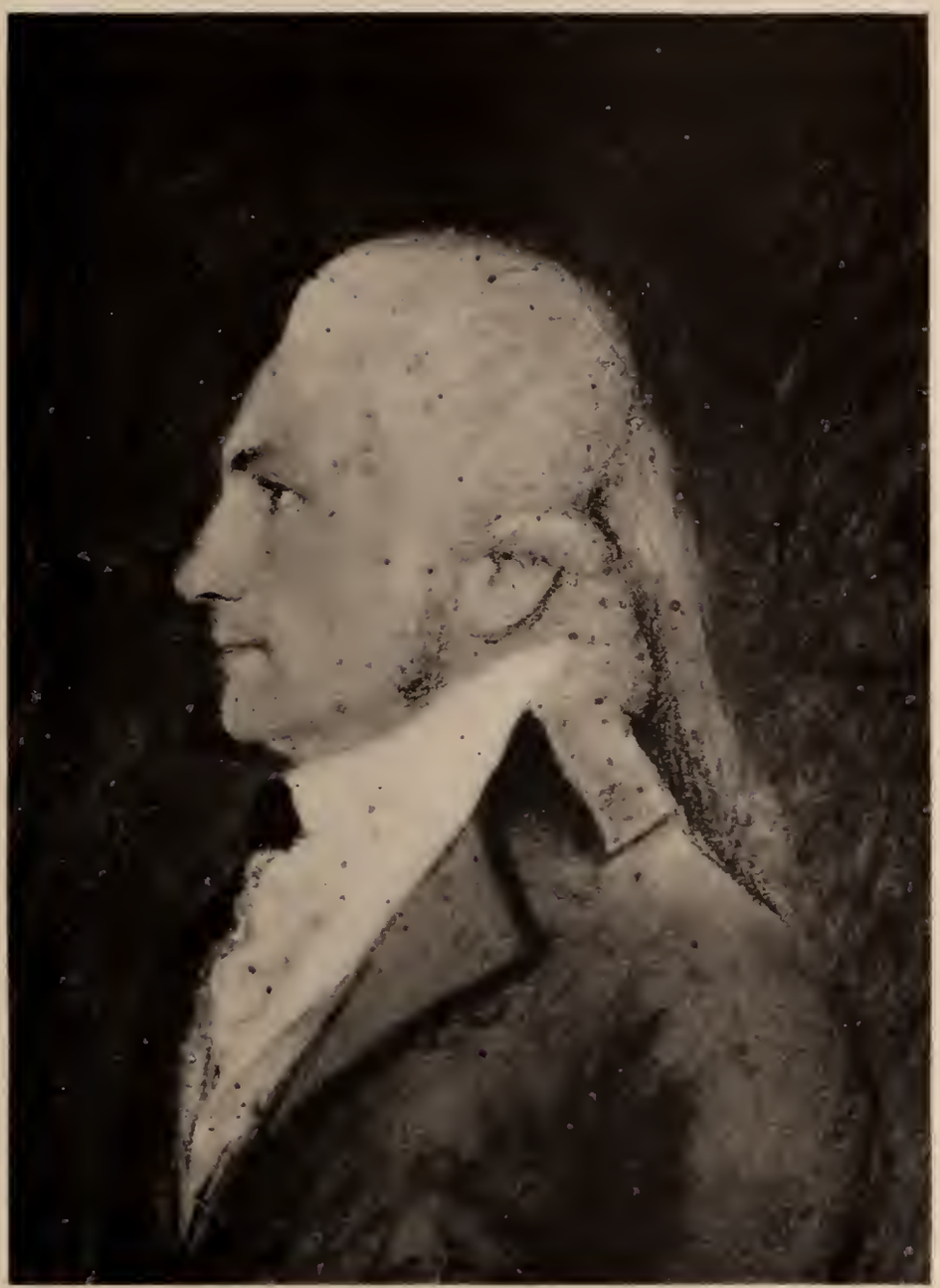
I give in detail here all the information I have obtained concerning James Sharples, his wife Ellen Sharples and his children, hoping it may be instrumental in allocating their works. Of this there is need because (1) of the prevailing belief that, besides making original productions, they copied each others work; (2) because most of their portraits are unsigned; (3) because the descriptions used a century ago do not correspond with those of today—the word painting then being used synonomously with crayon and pastel, and the word miniature then being used to describe portraits of reduced size (9 inches by 12 inches) and not limited, as we of today use it, to those of the smallest type.

While in England James Sharples was of Cambridge, from 1779 to 1781; of Bath, in 1782, and of 45 Gerrard Street, Soho, London, in 1783, and exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1779 and 1785, fourteen portraits.

It is stated that he visited the United States in 1794 and forthwith proceeded to Philadelphia where he crayoned many prominent individuals. However, the Philadelphia Directory fails to mention him in 1796, but in 1797 "James Sharpless, portrait painter, 164, South Front St." is given. In 1798, he fails to appear in Philadelphia, but is registered in the New York Directory as James *Sharples*, portrait painter, 272 Greenwich, and again in 1799, as James Sharples, portrait painter, Upper Reed [Street]. He then returned to England where, after a stay of some years, he revisited this country in 1809, and resided in New York City where the Directories of 1810 and 1811 call him portrait painter with residence at Lispenard [Street]. Here he soon died. His burial notice in *The Public Advertiser*, New York, Feb. 28, 1811, reads:

Died. On Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock, James Sharples, Esq., in the 59th year of his age. His friends and acquaintances are invited to attend his funeral from his late dwelling, N°. 3 Lispenard street upper end of Church street, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

His will was probated in less than a fortnight following his decease and reads as follows:



AARON BURR JAMES SHARPLES

Before Restoration

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

I, James Sharples of the City of New York, bequeath unto my beloved wife Ellen Sharples all my property of what denomination soever, consisting of Five thousand pounds Sterling lately remitted to the house of Messrs. Barclay Tritton Bevon & Co. of Lombard Street London for my use and the balance of my old account in their hands—Also about Five thousand dollars now in the Merchants Bank of New York—all my household furniture, Pictures, Books &c. subject to the several legacies herein mentioned namely: To my son George Sharples by my first wife who has already received his mother's marriage portion, I give two hundred pounds Sterling; to my son Felix Thos. Sharples by my second wife, I give five hundred pounds Sterling, having already assigned to him about eighteen hundred acres of land in the State of Pennsylvania; to my son James Sharples and unto my amiable daughter Rolinda Sharples each one thousand pounds, all legacies to be paid within twelve months after my decease. Wife Ellen, sole executrix. Dated Jan. 28, 1811. Proved March 11, 1811. Witnesses: Jno. A. Dunlap. Jacob Radcliff. *Abstract of Will of James Sharples in The New York Historical Society.*

This instrument sheds much light upon James Sharples' immediate family and upon the size of his estate. Without any knowledge of his forebears it is impossible to state whether his modest wealth was inherited or acquired. If it was the latter, it speaks well for his popularity his activity and his thrift. Apparently all of his children were successful and his widow frugal, for her estate after surviving her husband thirty-eight years, represented all, if not more than, the net sum he bequeathed her. This last wife was Ellen Wallace. A card at the back of a small crayon, of much merit, of a lady wearing a mob cap and fichu, states that she is "Ellen Wallace, of Lancaster, painted, during the hours he wooed the fair Ellen, by that eminent artist in crayons, James Sharples, her happy husband." This interesting and apparently self complimentary reference appeared in *Notes and Queries* forty-two years ago. Neither the name nor residence of the owner of the pastel was then given, and I have seen no further allusion to it since. Concerning her it is known that she was living at 45 Gerrard Street, Soho, London, in 1783, when she exhibited a fruit piece at the Royal Academy, and was described as "embroideress to Her Majesty." Her address was likewise at this date the same as her husband's. Between 1783 and 1807, she exhibited six miniatures at the Royal Academy and the Society of Artists. *In 1807*, she was living at 82 Hatton Gardens, London, and exhibited five or six "miniatures" including *Genl. Washington*, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Priestley, pastels, the Washington and Priestley now being in the National Portrait Gallery. This establishes the important fact that Mrs. Sharples accompanied her husband on his first trip to America and tho' she is described as a portrait painter and her specialty that of a *miniaturist* that these terms stood for pastelist of small portraits which we know she was. To be sure her fruit piece could have hardly been made in any other medium than oil paint and would not be on a miniature scale, but the fact remains she worked mostly in crayon.

I further believe that Mrs. Sharples accompanied her husband upon his second visit to the States in 1809. The proof of this lies in the language of his will and in the administration of his estate. When this work was completed, Mrs. Sharples sailed to England and took up a residence first in Bath, then in London, and finally in Bristol, where she died March 14, 1849. As she had outlived her children, she left her property, amounting to £4,600, to the Bristol

Academy of Fine Arts, which she had founded some five years before by a gift of £2,000. Her obituary appeared in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, for May, 1849:

Mrs. Sharples

[1849] March 14. At Bristol Hotwells, aged 80, Mrs. Sharples

Some five years since Mrs. Sharples presented to the trustees of the Bristol Fine Arts Academy the sum of £2,000 for the purpose of founding and supporting that institution; and it now appears from the deceased lady's will, that, after deducting certain bequests and legacies, the whole residue of her property is bequeathed to the Academy. Her funeral was attended by one mourning coach, containing J. S. Harford, esq. President; P. W. S. Miles, esq. M.P., Vice President; the High Sheriff; and G. H. Ames, esq. the Treasurer of the Fine Arts Academy. The Honorary Secretary, Jere Hill, esq. and Robert Bright, esq. one of the trustees of the Academy, followed on foot, together with the members of the committee, and nearly all the resident artists of Bristol, in deep mourning. *Gentleman's Magazine, new ser., Vol. XXXI, page 554, May, 1849.*

In the settlement of James Sharples' estate there appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, (New York City), of April 6, 1811, the following announcement, which sheds some light upon his social position, his culture and the disposal of a portion, if not all, of his personally owned crayon portraits:

The Collection

Of Original Portraits of Distinguished American Characters painted by the late James Sharples, Esq., are for sale, and may be seen at N°. 3 Lispenard Street, upper end of Church street.

Also

A Capital Grand PIANO FORTE, of Broadwood's, selected with great care by an eminent Musician, and other competent judges, who considered it the best toned instrument to be found in any Ware-house in London.

Like Stuart, St. Memin and others, Sharples made replicas of his portraits for business purposes or for his own gratification. Those not disposed of during his first sojourn here probably accompanied him to England. Those made and not privately disposed of during his second visit, are probably those that his estate offered for sale in the preceding advertisement. Perhaps some of them were sold, perhaps none. The fact remains that a collection of forty-five of these small pastels, representing a group of important early Americans, remained intact. One of its owners, a Virginian it is said, obtained a loan of one hundred and fifty dollars on it, but by default in repayment it was lost to him. In 1876, George W. Childs, Esquire, bought and presented this valuable collection to the city of Philadelphia, where it is appropriately hung in Independence Hall. Some of the pastels were damaged. The color had flaked from the card board in pin head spots, giving the impression of fly-speck or worm-hole damage, but careful restoration by Farina, of that city, has brought them to a fine degree of perfection.

Fine works in pure condition by Sharples are to be found at The New York Historical Society. The artist also had the distinction of portraying George Washington, and he made a

AARON BURR — JAMES SHARPLES

After Restoration

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

singularly fine, truthful but inartistic, profile portrait in oils, 8 by 10 inches, of Alexander Hamilton, which was owned by the widow who outlived her husband fifty-two years, and died in the city of New York in 1856, at the age of ninety-seven years, bequeathing the portrait to her youngest son, Philip Hamilton, who, dying, it passed to his son the late Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton. (Reproduced in Scribner's Magazine.)

Probably the best opportunity afforded to study the unquestioned work of James Sharples would be the collection in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; and the best opportunity offered to study the combined work of the Sharples family would be the collection in the Bristol Museum and Art Galley. This collection, through the generosity of Miss Helen C. Frick, has been photographed and is accessible at The Frick Art Reference Library, New York City. Three of the four Sharples children possessed art talent.

There was George, a son by the first wife, who I conceive is the G. Sharples, resident of London, whose specialty was portraits, of which he exhibited (6) six at the Royal Academy between 1815 and 1823.

Next there was James Sharples, Jr., called Esquire, who was described as a portrait painter and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, who died at Bristol, August 10, 1839.

Then follows Rolinda Sharples who was described as a resident of Bristol, a painter of portraits, likewise a specialist in *Domestic* scenes and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy from 1820 to 1836. She died February 10, 1838, and left to the Bristol Society of Fine Arts several of her father's portraits.

Lastly we must consider Felix Thomas Sharples, the eldest son of the artist by his second wife. I have seen no association of his name with art other than its appearance upon the *backing* of the pastel portrait of Alexander Hamilton, owned by the New York Historical Society. Here it is signed twice, once as Felix Sharples and again as Felix T. Sharples. This pastel is crayoned upon thin brown flock paper, bears no signature and is covered with glass both front and back. Glass-covered pictures are, and always have been, sealed with paper to prevent dust infiltration and it is upon paper used for such a purpose, that the name of Felix T. Sharples occurs. On this same paper, accompanying these two signatures, are many numerals, some scattered, some arranged in the shape of multiplication tables; likewise an attempt at a geometrical design. Two, if not more, layers of such inscribed paper are used to back the Hamilton pastel. In other words the filling is simply scrap paper—paper used in the education of children and then discarded and from my view point the signature thereon bears no relation to the author. If further proof is needed to disprove the attribution of *this particular painting* to Felix T. Sharples it is at hand. Admitting precocity exists it is too great a strain upon imagination to accept the Hamilton portrait as a work of a boy of tender years. We have deduced that Felix T. Sharples was born about 1787. He was probably with his father during his first visit to America, 1794-1799, hence seven to twelve years old. He was probably likewise with his father in 1809, upon his second visit to the States, but Hamilton had then been dead five years. The Hamilton portrait was presented to the New York Historical Society Nov. 12, 1816, by Dr. Samuel Akerly. It has no recorded history but I believe that it was beyond dubiety one of the "Original Portraits of Distinguished American Characters painted by the late James Sharples, Esq.," which were advertised for sale April 6, 1811, in New York City. That

Felix T. Sharples was an artist and a copyist of his father's work will, however, be fully proven by Mrs. McCook Knox in her forthcoming exhaustive work on the Sharples' family based upon original research.

In the possession of Mr. Robert Fridenberg, of New York City, there is likewise a Sharples pastel, signed twice, directly on the back of the flock paper. It carries the name of Rolinda Sharples and there is a comment on the writing to the effect "that it was apparently written by her at the age of ten." It is self-evident that such signatures as these possess no evidential value of authorship. In this instance it is probable that an indulgent father allowed his child the use of his drawing materials as playthings.

A resumé of the preceding facts discloses: that James Sharples was born 1752-3 and died Feb. 28, 1811, in his 59th year; that his wife Ellen Wallace was born in 1769 and died March 14, 1849, aged 80 years. Hence it follows she was seventeen years his junior and outlived him thirty-eight years; that she survived her son, James Sharples, by ten years, and her daughter Rolinda Sharples by eleven years. The early deaths of James Sharples and his children, James and Rolinda, are noteworthy. In the absence of any documentary proof I *deduce* that James Sharples married Ellen Wallace when she was about seventeen years of age and that their children were born approximately as follows: Felix Thomas about 1787; James about 1789, and Rolinda about 1791.

We now approach the consideration of the two Burr portraits accredited to James Sharples.

Of the one in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, there can be no doubt as to either artist or sitter. The recognition is instantaneous. The origin of the group of pastels to which this one of Burr belongs is elsewhere alluded to in this article. It was probably taken during Colonel Burr's attendance, as a Member of Congress, at Philadelphia, in 1794, then the Capital of the country, to which place Sharples would naturally at once proceed. This deduction as to date is based upon the assumption that Sharples' first visit to this country has been correctly stated as 1794; occasionally I have felt it may have been a year later.

During the period of Sharples' last visit, 1809, Burr was practically a prisoner in Europe, so with certainty his portrait must have been executed in 1794, *or shortly thereafter*.

Burr's portrait was among those that were damaged and its original delicacy of modelling is lost. He was at this time about thirty-eight years of age and is represented at half length, wearing a stock and ruffled shirt, with hair powdered and brushed back over the head, terminating in a queue behind and a roll on the side above the ear which is portrayed abnormally large; likewise small side whiskers. In this painting, from its necessary restoration, his features lack mobility and sensitiveness. It is Burr, but not the resolute and elegant Burr; not the Burr who was so extremely careful of his personal appearance; not the Burr who bought dusting powder for his hair and who entered under date of Sept. 10, 1810, in his *Diary* "I was almost the only person who was laced." The whereabouts of the original pastel is unknown. Before its restoration by Farina, the replica of Burr's portrait, with its many imperfections, was photographed by Ph. B. Wallace, of 711 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Since its restoration it has been used to illustrate several articles on Burr. A steel engraving of it, copyrighted 1903,

Aaron Burr — James Sharples

Bristol Art Gallery, England

by G. Barrie & Sons, appears in a *History of the United States, Philadelphia, etc.*

The Sharples portrait likewise illustrates Ida M. Tarbell's magazine article on *The Trial Of Aaron Burr.*

The Bristol pastel of Colonel Burr is at first sight unconvincing. It is only after a prolonged, careful study of the features that sufficient proof can be deduced to make it acceptable. It wants the general elegance of dress and mien, the beau like quality, which characterized the man. Instead of a gentleman of fashion we have a puritan, a New England deacon of early colonial days, with unkempt hair falling straight to the shoulder where it is crudely banged and the only suggestion of a coiffure lies in a faintly outlined queue. He belongs to the bourgeoisie. The drawing lacks delicacy of outline. Some of its defects may be accounted for by damage to the easily perishable medium, crayon, in which it was executed. With all these objections admitted I think it may be safely accepted as a portrait of Colonel Burr, *perhaps* by Ellen Sharples. We know that she crayoned Washington and Priestley, but whether the portraits were originals or copies of her husband's work I have not the means at hand to determine. That she did much good work as a portraitist in pastel is, however, an admitted fact. The date at which the Bristol portrait of Burr was executed, whether it be the work of James or Ellen Sharples, should conform to the date of their first visit to this country.

References: *Algernon Graves' Dictionary of Artists*, London, 1884, page 211; *Redgrave's Dictionary of Artists*, 1878, page 389; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1839, page 435, and 1849, page 554, and *Notes and Queries*, 1886, page 268.

The 1796 St. Memin Portrait

Of

Colonel Burr

CHARLES BALTHAZAR JULIEN FEVRET DE ST. MEMIN, a member of an illustrious French family, was born, at Dijon, France, in 1770. About the year 1793, he crossed the Atlantic with his father, to secure from sequestration the estates of his mother in Santo Domingo. The political disturbances there, as well as in France, prompted father and son to turn to the United States for an asylum. Here they were later joined by the female members of their family, who successfully established and conducted for years, a seminary for young ladies. M. Fevret de St. Memin was a man of culture and varied attainments. He had reached the position of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, was a profound mathematician, an artist, an archeologist, a celebrated engraver and a mechanical genius. He successfully employed his skill in devising two instruments which he used in the production of the exquisitely engraved medallion portraits, with which his name is associated, many of which represent illustrious Americans. These he cleverly executed by drawing the head in profile, by one of the instruments, called the physionotrace, in life-size in black crayon on dark pink tinted paper, about 12 inches wide by 18 inches high, and reducing the same, by the other instrument, called the pantograph, to suitably small proportions for engraving. The original large sketch, framed, with the engraved copper plate reducing it to a circular medallion not exceeding two and one-half inches in diameter, with a dozen impressions, mezzotints, were delivered in three days or thereabouts, for the sum of one hundred and sixty-five francs. Many of the physionotraces and the small engravings are still to be found, some among the descendants of the sitters, some in historical collections, and some in private collections. M. St. Memin generally kept two copies of the engraving for himself, so that two sets,* one somewhat more complete than the other, returned with him to France, in 1815, and remained in his possession till the time of his death, in 1852, at Dijon, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and where he still was and had been the intelligent Director of the celebrated museum of that place for many years. Both sets then returned to America, where one of the collections was purchased by Elias Dexter, the print seller, of New York City, and the other, consisting of eight hundred and eighteen engravings, passed to the Corcoran Art Gallery. Mr. Dexter shortly determined to reproduce his set in book form, by photography, the only reproduction process then known, and employed the services of J. Gurney and Son, of New York City. The work was published by subscription, and instead of gain, occasioned Mr. Dexter great loss. The Civil War in the States was under way and all the Southern subscribers, and many of the Northern ones, were financially ruined, many were killed, and nearly all lost, for the time at least, interest in their forebears. The photography was excellent, and the reproductions numbered seven hundred and sixty portraits of men

*A third, small, domestic collection was formed by Peter Force, the compiler of historical documents, of three hundred and thirty-one engravings, from all available sources. This incomplete set is now owned by the Library of Congress.

An interesting article on The Portraits of St. Memin appears in *Appleton's Magazine*, for July, 1906, by Charles Kasson Wead.

Aaron Burr — St. Memin

1796

prominent in social, military, political and commercial life, with occasionally ladies of distinction. The photographs were grouped twelve on a page and the lives of the subjects were briefly sketched, where possible, by Mr. Dexter, but despite his efforts, some, however, remained unidentified. Collectively they made a fine folio volume, sumptuously bound in dark green embossed morocco, with the following title: *The St. Memin Collection of Portraits;* consisting of Seven Hundred and Sixty Medallion Portraits Principally of Distinguished Americans Photographed by J. Gurney and Son, of New York, from proof impressions of the original copper-plates, engraved by M. De St. Memin from drawings taken from life by himself, during his exile in the United States, from 1793 to 1814. To which are added A Memoir of M. De St. Memin and Biographical Notices of the Persons whose Portraits constitute the Collection, compiled from authentic and original sources, by the publisher. New York. Published by Elias Dexter, No. 562 B'way, 1862.

Few volumes ever got into circulation, for the editor was too discouraged to have many copies struck from the negatives. His son, Edward Dexter, succeeded him in business and as the owner of the original set of impressions, he was not averse to selling individual engravings. Whether he did or did not, I do not know, but the engraving of Colonel Burr and his daughter were offered to me, but at a price that I was then unable to pay. Subsequently the Dexter collection passed to H. L. Carson, of Philadelphia, and, as at his sale it brought $4,800., and included seven hundred and sixty-one mezzotints, it could not have been diminished. Of the present location of the Dexter collection I am uninformed.

St. Memin's work was excellent. His likenesses were correct and, with few exceptions, he endowed his sitters with mobile faces and graceful figures, while technically his work was seldom equalled. As he moved southward from New York City to Charleston, South Carolina, he secured his portraiture wherever opportunity offered, so that his collection, so far as America was concerned, was cosmopolite.

In the collection of St. Memin's portraits, published by Dexter, there is one of Colonel Burr and one of his daughter Theodosia, both by St. Memin himself, and another of Theodosia, by John Vanderlyn, copied by St. Memin. The profile of Colonel Burr, though undated, was doubtless made in 1796, in New York City, where St. Memin was industriously at work. The arrangement of the sitter's hair and the style of dress, as well as the fact that the companion engraving of his daughter Theodosia, bears the date 1796, warrant this assumption. A year later her devoted parent had St. Memin copy the small Vanderlyn portrait, which, though it bears the date 1797, placed upon it by St. Memin, as the year of his production, was in reality painted the year before, 1796, by Vanderlyn. It evidently had a strong appeal to Colonel Burr, or to St. Memin himself, to be thus reproduced.

The likeness of Colonel Burr carries no name; it needed no label. Colonel Burr was then about forty years old and at the zenith of his intellectual vigor and political power; loved idolatrously by his adherents and feared and hated by his opponents. St. Memin no doubt gives a faithful likeness of him. Naturally the head is drawn in profile. His hair is full and drawn into a queue and though light, was probably not powdered. The use of queue and powder by 1803, was largely abandoned save by the elders. All ears looked much alike to St. Memin and Burr's are not distinctive. His neck is encircled by a soft stock terminating in a

loose tie. He wears the habiliments of a gentleman of that period:—a velvet collar on his outer coat and a white vest with a rolling collar within. His head is well proportioned. His face shows few lines and has plasticity from the exquisite shadows St. Memin introduced in his modelling. His nose, the oft baffling feature of the sculptors and artists who essayed it, is delicately modelled. The handling of the mouth and lips alone mar the beauty of the face and give it a quizzical, even if not a slightly sinister expression. I know nothing of the existence of either the physionotrace sketch, the pantograph plate or the engravings struck therefrom, of this portrait of Colonel Burr. This portrait is used to illustrate the magazine article, *Hamilton's Estimate Of Burr.*

AARON BURR.

From an Original Drawing by Saint Mémin.

Aaron Burr — St. Memin

1805

The 1805 St. Memin Portrait

Of

Colonel Burr

A PORTRAIT of Colonel Burr, in black crayon upon white paper, was owned about 1887, by the bookseller, J. W. Bouton, of New York City, who offered it for sale at one hundred dollars. It was perfectly reproduced as "an original and unpublished drawing from nature by Saint Memin," in the *Curio*, for December, 1887, an art magazine which had a short life in New York. Of its origin and fate I know nothing. I recall it when in Bouton's hands as a fine free offhand sketch of great virility, representing Colonel Burr as keen and aggressive, with a flashing eye, a dilating nostril and a determined mouth and chin. There is no doubt in my mind it was one of St. Memin's physionotraces, and from the loss of his hair and the lines in his face, Colonel Burr was at least ten years older than when he sat for St. Memin in 1796. If the assumption is correct that it was made approximately about 1806, it could have been done in November, 1805, at Washington, for St. Memin and Burr were both there at that date. Less likely was it done in 1807, when Colonel Burr was in Richmond undergoing trial for treason, of which he was acquitted in June, 1807, and St. Memin was in Georgetown, but a short distance away, for it would hardly have been a propitious moment for its execution even if their paths had crossed, which it seems hard to believe they did. At one other date it would have been possible for St. Memin to have secured Burr's likeness, for Burr arrived in Paris, February 16, 1810, and he resided in France during the ensuing year and St. Memin was in France from 1810 to 1812.

The present whereabouts of this striking and vigorous likeness I do not know. A clumsy copy of it was made by one who signed himself J. Gaddis. Concerning this copy Richard B. Shephard, Esq., of Salt Lake City, Utah, wrote me, March 28, 1919: "The Shephard Book Company, of which I am president, bought a work on Aaron Burr. I think it was Coghlan's Confessions, at auction, either in New York or Boston; a 12 mo. volume, on the fly leaf of which was a pencil portrait of Aaron Burr signed J. Gaddis. The book was sold to Princeton University some years ago with the original portrait etched by Gaddis in it."

This St. Memin portrait, I mean the original, made approximately in 1805, conforms singularly to Burr's uncomplimentary description of himself, written March 14, 1802, to Theodosia: "A lady of rank and consequence who had a great curiosity to see the Vice President, after several plans and great trouble, at length was gratified, and she declared that he was the very ugliest man she had ever seen in her life. His bald head, pale hatchet visage, and harsh countenance, certainly verify the lady's conclusion. Your very ugly and affectionate father, A. Burr."

The 1802 Vanderlyn Portrait

Of

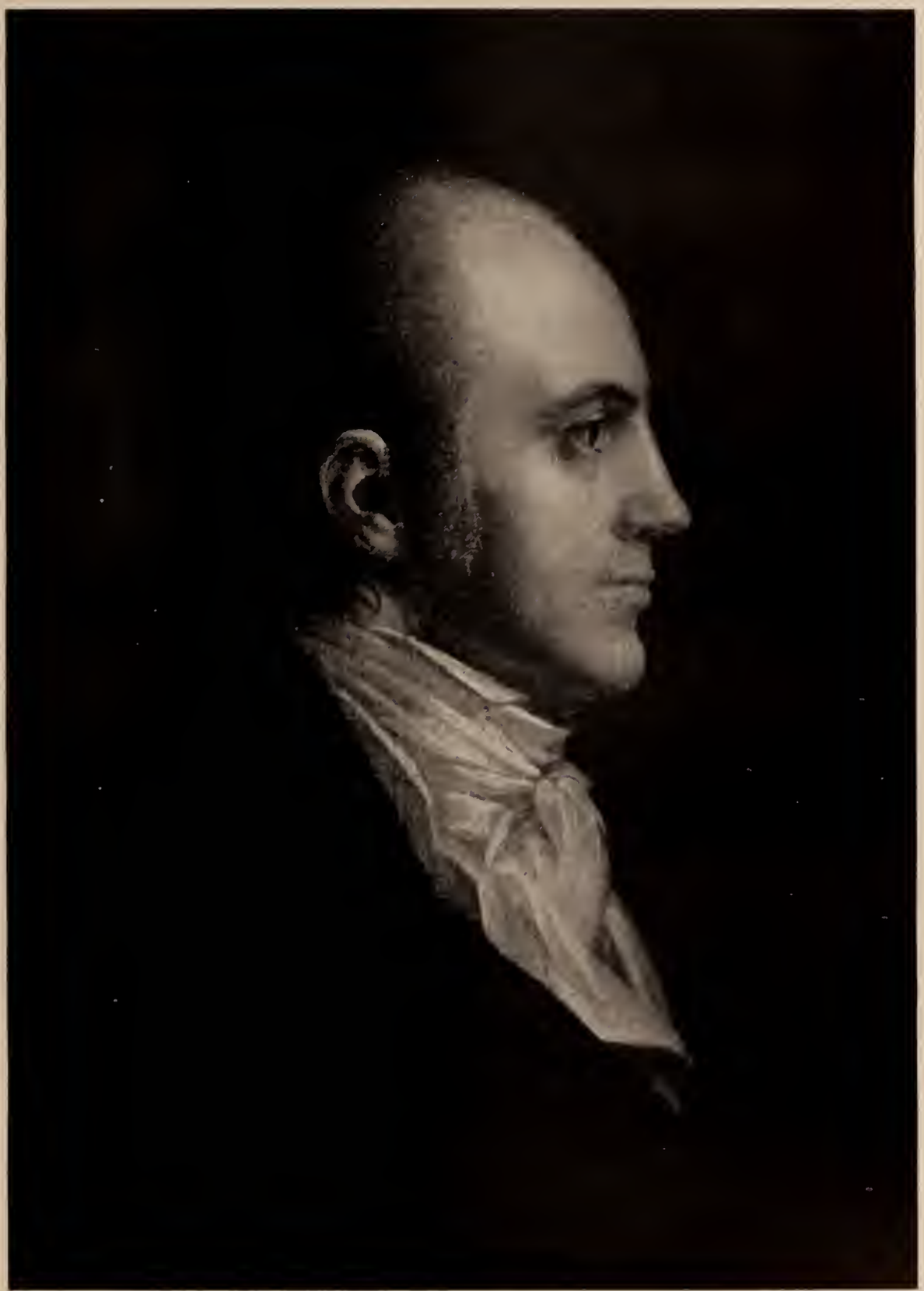
Colonel Burr

IT WAS when he had attained a degree of excellence, and in 1802, that Vanderlyn painted the portraits of Colonel Burr and his daughter Theodosia, portraits admirable alike in composition and execution and by which their features are best known. The 1802 portrait of Colonel Burr is now in my possession and was the particular means of interesting me in the pictorial history of the Burrs. Away back in November, 1881, I saw it through the window of a slowly jogging Third Avenue horse car, in the shop of Fullerton, a dealer in curios, antiques and jewelry. Fullerton was a character, shrewd, shifty, humorous and a bit unscrupulous. There was nothing he could not land either in goods or people. With the portrait was displayed a large blue china platter. I bought them both and the receipt read: This Portrait by Vanderlyn of Aaron Burr and Blue Platter sold this 24th day of November, 1881, was among the effects of said Aaron Burr when they were seized by Anthony Bowrowson who had obtained a judgment for debt against the said Burr since which time they have been in the family of Anthony Bowrowson.

H. Van Meerbeek [Meerbeck]

Mr. Fullerton was simply a consignee; Mr. Van Meerbeck was the consignor and owner. He was shy and I never met him, but by letter he informed me that his family had other portraits of the Burrs. This I was inclined to doubt. He was a young man and had had perhaps the tradition of earlier Bowrowson ownership, but there is no escape from the fact that he, a descendant of Anthony Bowrowson (through his daughter Theodosia Shelburg, through her daughter Mrs. Kennedy, through her daughter Mrs. Van Meerbeck,) had as well some of Burr's household effects. Judge Ogden Edwards got some of the paintings and personal effects from Mrs. Shelburg, but she evidently retained, or more likely had distributed, others that she told him nothing of. Young Van Meerbeck claimed that his family still owned the only portrait of Theodosia then extant, and we know that from Mrs. Shelburg descended the watch, with miniature portraits of Burr's first wife and daughter painted on the dial, to its present owner, Mr. E. D. Hill, of Atlantic Avenue, Keyport, New Jersey. Collectively such facts will not permit of any flat contradiction of Mr. Van Meerbeck's statements, but any further elucidation of them, because of the great lapse of time, seems now unlikely. (See chapters on the Bowrowsons and The Burr Watches.)

Vanderlyn's portrait of Colonel Burr, painted in 1802, is so well known that it only calls for a limited description. It is painted on a canvas, 17 inches by 22½ inches, and represents Burr in profile, at the age of forty-six years. His hair is drawn back from a high and prominent forehead, is dusted white, and terminates in a queue. His face is well modelled; his nose thin and sharp, his upper lip finely cut, his chin somewhat heavy. The tip of a soft collar appears



AARON BURR 1802 JOHN VANDERLYN

Dr. John E. Stillwell

over a heavy neck kerchief. The flesh tones are florid and the paint is thin, showing the twill of the canvas. Behind and beneath his ear, lying upon his neck, are some loose curving hairs.

This portrait of Colonel Burr was finely engraved by G. Parker, as a frontispiece to volume one of the *Memoirs of Aaron Burr*, published by Matthew L. Davis in 1836, and again used by him in volume one of *The Private Journal of Aaron Burr*, edited in 1856.

This portrait was again engraved by H. Wright Smith as a frontispiece to *The Life And Times Of Aaron Burr* by J. Parton, N. Y., 1858, but it lacks the vigor and accuracy of Parker's engraving.

Since 1836 it has been the common and very popular reproduction of Colonel Burr's features.

How the 1802 paintings by Vanderlyn of Burr and his daughter, Theodosia, were obtained, in 1836, for the engraver, G. Parker, I do not know. Hip Burr says they were borrowed by Davis. The inimical Bowrowsons then had the Colonel's portrait and the inference is that they were made from a now unlocated replica.

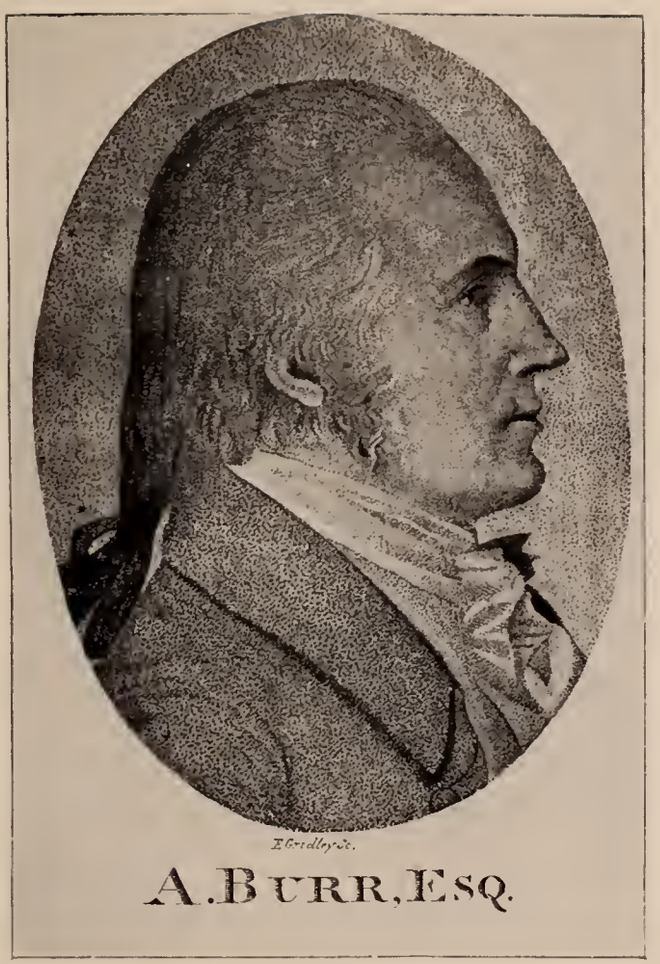
The Gridley Engraving

Of

Colonel Burr

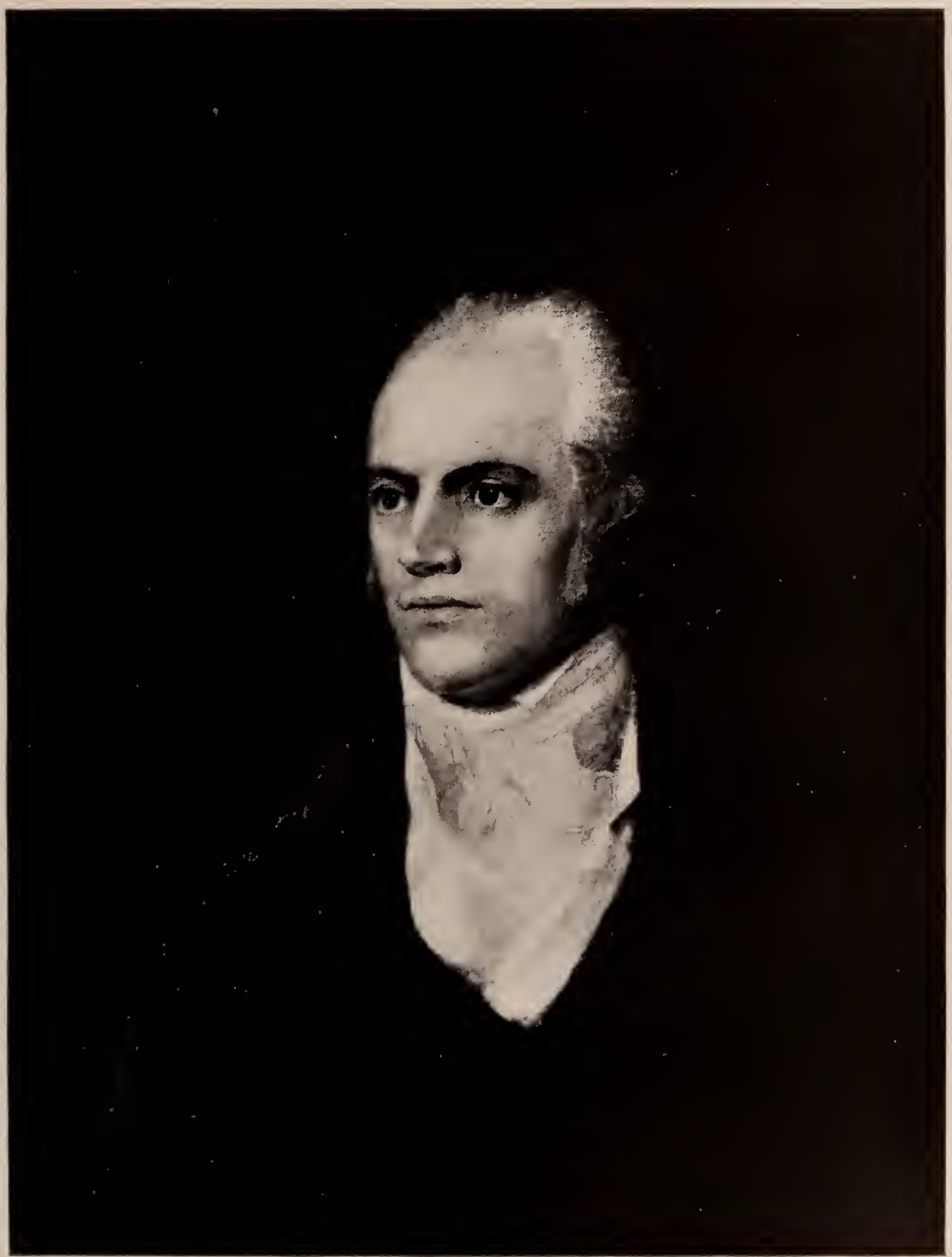
ENOCH G. GRIDLEY was an engraver in both stipple and line doing business in New York from 1803 to 1805. The latest date on any of his plates noted was 1818. *Stauffer's American Engravers, Vol. 1, p. 111.*

In May, 1925, Robert Fridenberg, the prominent New York dealer in engravings, presented me with what, at first sight, purported to be an engraving of Aaron Burr, but which, upon close examination, he discovered was a fine mechanical reproduction. It was apparently an illustration taken from a sales catalogue and bore, pasted beneath it, the following printed descriptive text: A. BURR ESQ. Full bust in profile to right. Oval. *Stipple.* E. Gridley sc. Size 4 x 2 15/16. *Excessively rare. See facsimile.* What became of the original engraving Mr. Fridenberg could not learn. The reproduction was excellent but the original engraving was mediocre and it was unquestionably a copy with slight variations, a variant, if you please, of the 1802 portrait of Aaron Burr by Vanderlyn.



AARON BURR E. GRIDLEY

Engraving



AARON BURR — 1802-1804 — JOHN VANDERLYN

Mr. Walter Jennings

The 1802-4 Vanderlyn Portrait

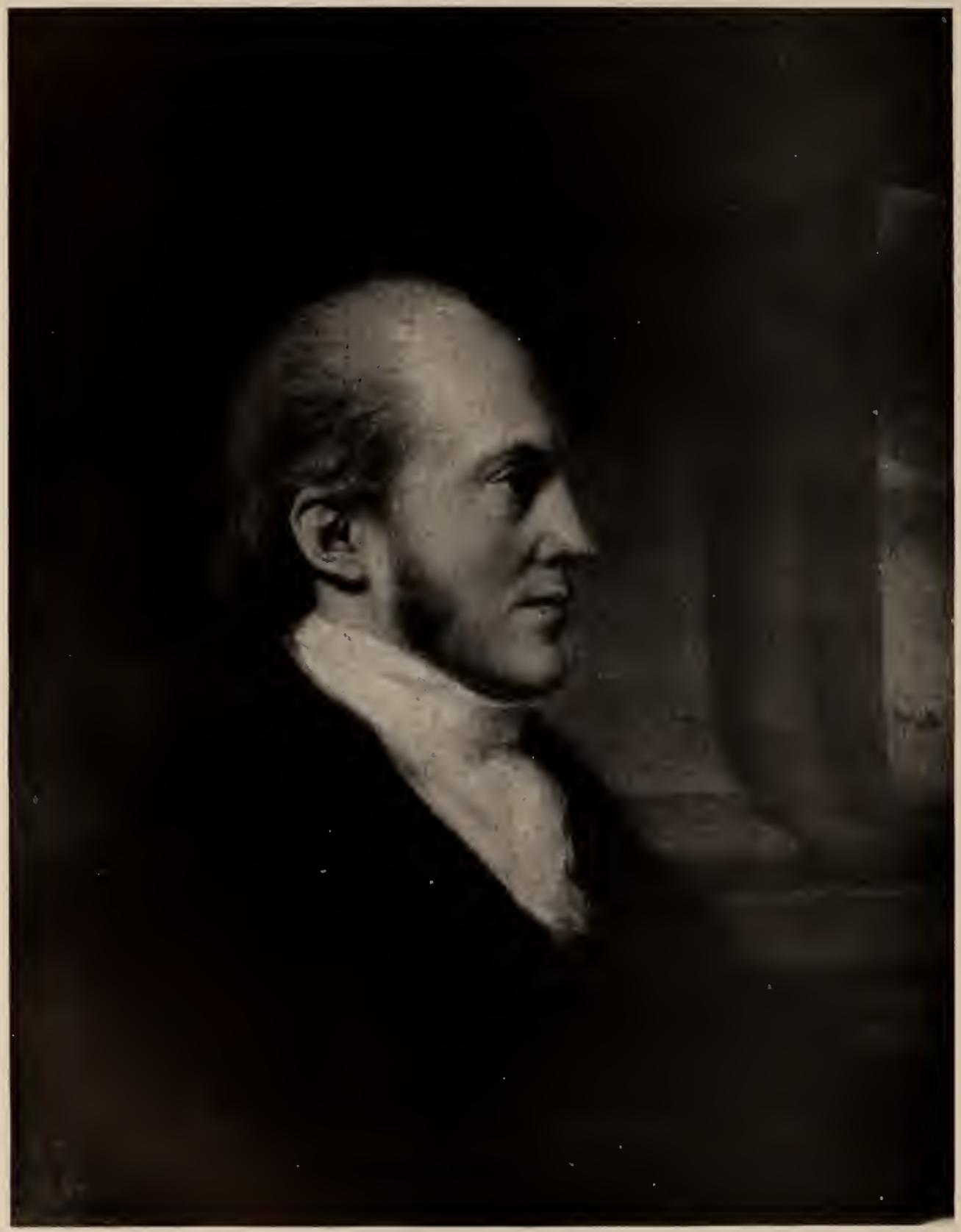
Of

Colonel Burr

IN THE possession of Mr. Walter Jennings, of New York City, there is a portrait of Colonel Burr painted by Vanderlyn which represents him at chest length and nearly full face. It was bought from Miss Laura Jay Edwards, of Millbrook, Duchess County, New York, in April, 1919, and was one of those rescued by her grandfather, Judge Ogden Edwards, from the Bowrowsons, as I have set forth in the history of the portrait of Theodosia by Gilbert Stuart, of which it was the companion for many years. From the Summer of 1883, when I first saw it hanging upon the walls of the Edwards' home, in Stratford, Connecticut, until the date of its sale, I had quietly kept in touch with it and my regret was keen when it escaped me and passed to others. From little less than attic room possessions of small worth when I sought them and valued at a few hundred dollars, these two portraits rose, at my bidding and the mediation of the American Art Rooms, and the expert endorsement of the Ehrichs, to high figures, and then became the property of the Jennings. Miss Edwards was well within her rights to sell to the highest qidder, however cavalierly I may have thought myself treated, and there is ground for congratulation that the paintings have passed from her custody to more appreciative owners. There is no documentary evidence concerning the origin of this painting, but I conjecture it was among Vanderlyn's relatively early efforts. Studying it, as I am doing, from a very poor photograph which I had made in 1883, when it was in possession of its Stratford owners, there seems much stiffness and formality about the pose, and little plasticity of feature. Comparing it with the Stuart portrait of Colonel Burr, one realizes that they interchangeably sustain each other, with added grace and skill in limning being perceptible in the older artist's work, and the added age of the subject being apparent in the younger artist's work. This presentation of Burr's features is valuable as he is commonly delineated in profile. Here the body squarely faces the spectator while the head is rotated slightly over the right shoulder. His forehead is high and massive, and his white dusted hair is drawn loosely back and connects on the side with small whiskers. His eyes are painted characteristically piercing brown-black. His nose is well modelled, short and straight, leaving a rather long upper lip, with a homely and irresolute mouth and a large, strong chin. A massive white kerchief, with two projecting collar tips, covers a large portion of his chest. There is a poor reproduction of this painting in The Saturday Evening Post of Sept. 6, 1924, used to illustrate Mr. Meade Minnigerode's article on *Theodosia Burr, Prodigy.*

In the chapter upon Burr's Watches there is an allusion, under date of Jan. 15, 1811, to the possibility of Gamp having a portrait enamelled upon a watch. As Burr used Gamp as a name for himself, as well as for his grandson, I am in doubt to whom it refers. In either case it

implies the existence of a portrait, and I opine that it must be the grandfather's and not the grandchild's, for had it have been the latter Burr must surely have made some allusion to its existence in his diary. It would hardly be reasonable to think that Burr, in his hurried departure from America, would burden himself with his own painted visage, hence there is a strong likelihood, despite his failure to mention any sittings, that he was painted abroad, most likely by Vanderlyn. For some time I thought it *barely* possible that the portrait of Gamp referred to, was the Jennings' portrait, but the tradition that the Jennings' portrait came from the Bowrowsons quickly refutes such reasoning, and the deduction is warrantable that the Jennings' portrait was painted by Vanderlyn shortly after the 1802 profile portrait of Colonel Burr was finished. This leaves us in doubt just what portrait of himself Burr referred to in his entry of Jan. 15, 1811.



AARON BURR 1809 JOHN VANDERLYN

New York Historical Society

The 1809 Vanderlyn Portrait

Of

Colonel Burr

A VARIANT of the 1802 painting, in cabinet size, is owned by the New York Historical Society. Burr is practically alike in both pictures save there is a stronger naso-labial line in the face of the smaller painting, a more tightly painted neck kerchief, an architectural background, and the loose hair upon his neck is wanting. There is a baffling difference, however, in the execution of the two paintings. In the larger work, it has been already stated, the paint is thinly laid, while in the smaller painting it thickly and evenly coats the panel. Its fine crackle confirms its age, but the method of its execution is so unlike, that, despite the fact that both paintings are practically duplicates of the same man, at the same age, their execution must have been some years apart. The only solution of this is that one is a copy, with variations of the other, by the artist himself. In discussing the Vandyck portrait mention is made of the endorsement it received from Colonel Burr, in which he states it is the best portrait of himself painted since 1809. The 1809 portrait he refers to I believe is the Vanderlyn cabinet picture, in the possession of the New York Historical Society. This would be an interval of seven years, during a portion of which Vanderlyn had studied abroad, and naturally his technic would have changed. Burr, in 1809, was not accessible to Vanderlyn and no portrait of Burr could have been made by this artist unless he copied his own work of 1802. If read in conjunction with the chapter on the Vandyck portrait, this attribution, and the date of the Historical Society's painting, receive additional confirmation. The small cabinet painting was presented to the New York Historical Society, June 7, 1859. It was bought from James H. Shegogue, for $90., which was raised by subscription from the following donors: E. C. Benedict, $10., A. M. Cozzens, $10., Henry T. Drowne $5., Benjamin H. Field $10., George Folsom $10., J. Harsen $5., William Menzies $10., J. H. Shegogue $10., R. Winthrop $10., and George H. Moore $10. Shegogue himself, a New York artist, subscribed $10. Its history prior to his ownership is simple. It was among the Colonel's effects left in the custody of Aaron Columbus Burr. Hippolyte Burr copied this painting while it was in his father's possession and his copy I have just seen (Sept. 23, 1923), in the possession of Miss Evelyn Benedict, of 45 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. Apr. 21, 1902, Robert D. Benedict, Esquire, of New York, wrote Mr. Pidgin that he had for sale a portrait of Aaron Burr, about 12 inches square, by an unknown artist, "but the likeness is a good one." It was given to Henry J. Raymond, founder of the New York Times, by a man who claimed to be an illegitimate son of Colonel Burr. The picture was not sold, and Miss Benedict says it was then given by her aunt Mrs. Raymond to her father, Robert D. Benedict, and from him it passed to her. The original portrait must have passed from Aaron Columbus Burr to Shegogue.

The margin of safety for the deduction of Vanderlyn's presence in America in 1809, I realize is small. Dunlap fails to state it, and if it were an omission, Vanderlyn could have corrected it, if he so wished, for the History of the Arts of Design was yet unprinted. Vanderlyn had returned to Europe early in 1810, for Burr notes in his diary, Feb. 23, 1810, that the *American*, Capt. Hadley, "told me Vanderlyn is in Paris and hunting for me. I thought him in Rome." Burr soon caught up with him, for three days later he notes his arrival in Paris and a call upon Vanderlyn. Should it so happen that Vanderlyn's residence, in 1809, is proven to be in Europe, and not in the States, this hypothesis falls to the ground and the resultant confusion must be removed by further investigation. I have even tried to admit the possibility of the 1809 portrait being an unlocated portrait by the artist Breda, but Burr says that Breda's portraits are very highly colored, and while I know none for comparison, I find the internal evidence, the diary and the want of tradition are all against it.

The 1809 portrait of Colonel Burr appears in an article by William B. McCormick, in the International Studio, called: *A Backwater Of American Art. Portraits of the New York Historical Society.* Also in E. J. Edwards' magazine article *Tammany.*

Aaron Burr — Henry Inman

Dr. John E. Stillwell

The Inman Portrait

Of

Colonel Burr

I AM impelled to call the remarkably fine water color miniature of Colonel Burr, in my possession, the work of Henry Inman, not because of certitude but because it needs an author and because it was so called when it passed to me, Oct. 1, 1885. I well recall, however, the halting, stumbling way in which its owner, Hip Burr made this attribution and the doubt of its correctness then implanted in my mind still abides with me. Judged by the lines in his face and the whiteness of his hair, Col. Burr may have reached the age of seventy years, which would make the date of the production of the miniature be about 1826, and Henry Inman, the artist, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. Inman was born in Utica, New York, Oct. 28, 1801, studied under J. W. Jarvis, in New York, became prominent as a portraitist, settled in Philadelphia about 1832, visited Europe about 1845, and painted a number of English celebrities, returned to this country, lived in New York where he died, at the age of forty-four, Jan. 17, 1846. These movements rather confirm than disprove the likelihood of the attribution to Inman. It originally was enclosed in a fine morocco case and the history was that it came to Aaron Columbus Burr as an heirloom. My interpretation of this is that it was another one of the pieces left in the custody of Aaron Columbus Burr. Even though its attribution is not satisfactorily confirmed to me, it remains a work of great excellence.

The miniature is painted on a heavy white paper 4½ inches by 3¾ inches in size. The background is shaded black and white. Col. Burr is portrayed at nearly half-length, the right side of his body slightly rotated forward, and his face nearly full. He wears a light blue coat with a heavy roll, a vest of similar material and a soft white collar with kerchief. His forehead is high and massive, his head surmounted by a fair amount of white hair, his complexion pink and white, his eyes a piercing dark brown and his face somewhat shortened by the settling of his jaws. His expression is humorous and interrogative rather than intellectual. The workmanship is most satisfactory, being done with a free brush and certain stroke.

If Col. Burr were sixty-five years of age rather than seventy when this miniature was painted, it would make Inman only nineteen or twenty years old, and so excellent a work could hardly have emanated from such youthful and inexperienced hands. Burr's singularly well preserved features and florid color gives so much latitude to deduction as to his age that the authoriship of the miniature must be solely deduced from its technic, but he may have easily been in his seventieth year and upwards.

Hippolyte Burr made a copy of this painting in oil, but it was so poor that I bought it and *destroyed* it. And it is just as well to repeat here that which is set forth elsewhere in these articles, that Hip Burr accurately copied with a tight brush on a large scale, the small Vandyck painting and that both of these, original and copy, are in my possession (1926); and further that he copied the small Vanderlyn portrait owned by the New York Historical Society which copy is now owned by Miss Benedict, of Boston, Mass.

The Vandyck Portrait

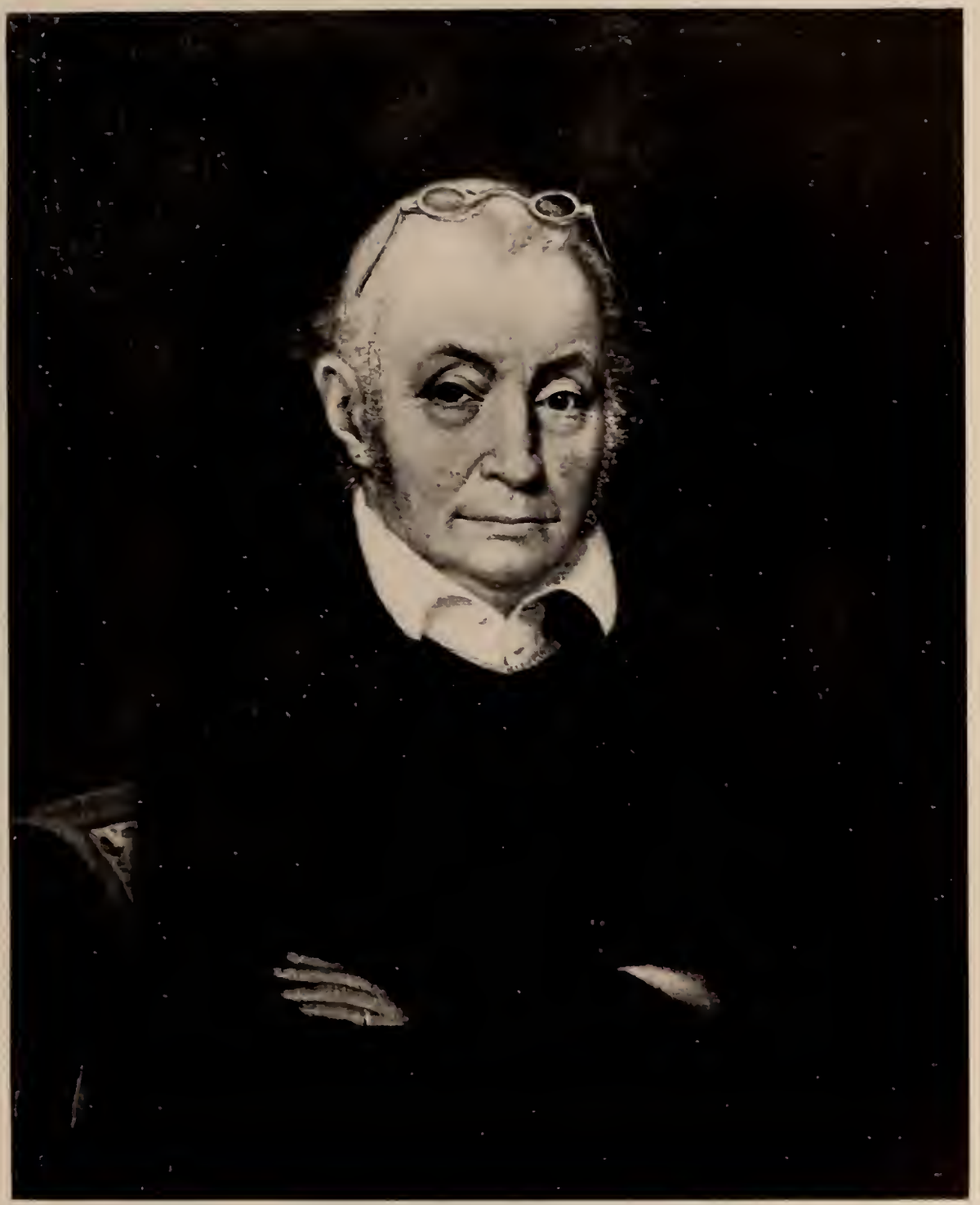
Of

Colonel Burr

COLONEL BURR was about seventy-eight years of age when he went to reside with his son, Aaron Columbus Burr, at the corner of the Bowery and Grand Street, New York City. A few blocks away there dwelt a miniature painter by the name of James Vandyck. He was one of the painstaking, conscientious limners, working in New York in the middle of the 19th century, who seldom attained great distinction. Aside from his portrait of Colonel Burr, I have seen nothing from his brush. Judged by this work he was a correct draftsman, a rather brilliant colorist and a hard technician. Theodore Bolton (*Early American Portrait Painters In Miniature*) says that he flourished between 1806 and 1835, and that in *The Polyanthus* for June, 1806, there appears an engraving by S. Harris after Vandyck's portrait of John Winthrop, and suggests that possibly the Vandyck who painted the Winthrop painting was identical with James Vandyck who flourished between 1806 and 1835, and was the same James Vandyck who painted the portrait of James Lyon (owned in 1928) by Luke Vincent Lockwood, Esquire, of New York City. This painting is signed on the right hand side J. Vandyck.

References to Vandyck, in the New York City directories are limited to the year 1834-5, when his residence is given as 62 Forsyth Street, and to the year 1836, when his residence is given as 48 Vesey Street. Neither before nor after these dates does his name appear, and from the apparent shortness of his stay, it might be a just surmise that, his sitter being a Winthrop, he came from New England. Vandyck had another residence or studio not mentioned in the city directories. This appears as part of an inscription, pasted upon the back of Col. Burr's portrait, and is named as 18 Centre Street, Room N°. 3.

The Vandyck portrait came into my (Dr. John E. Stillwell) possession, Oct. 2, 1919, by purchase from Henry Alloway, Esq., of Goshen, N. Y., a collector of Burr material, with the statement that he had "obtained it from a dispersion of the belongings of the artist Falconer" —nothing more. The gap between Falconer's ownership and the origin of the painting may be partially filled. The corner of the Bowery and Broome Street is but a stone's throw from Forsyth Street, and doubtless artist and sitter were known to each other. That the recently arrived artist Vandyck volunteered his services is likely, for Burr had just separated from his wife, was probably shy of funds and had little or no occasion to wish a portrait of himself painted, though probably not averse to it. Upon the back of the painting is pasted a rapidly fading written inscription, which will soon totally disappear, which recites as follows: Aaron Burr, painted in 1834, in six sittings by James van Dyck. If not satisfactory, return to 18 Centre St. Room N°. 3. And apart from this in two distinct places: Arnold, and: 20. They may have no relation to each other though the number suggests an auction mark. The phrase-



AARON BURR JAMES VANDYCK

Dr. John E. Stillwell

ology "If not satisfactory return to 18 Centre St.", bears out the suggestion that the portrait was a venture of the artist's rather than an order of Burr's. It apparently proved satisfactory to Burr and it is probable that he bought it, and that it passed with his other effects to Aaron Columbus Burr after his father's death. A large facsimile of this painting in oil, 26 inches by 31 inches, was owned by Aaron Columbus Burr in 1882. Its existence was known in the family, but its location was not. After several hunts it was exhumed from the cellar, dust covered and punctured, and bought by me. It was then represented by the unreliable Hip Burr as the original Vandyck painting, which I believed for many years and only detected my error when I found the Alloway painting. The self satisfied artist Vandyck, said Hip Burr, asked the Colonel what he thought of it, to which Burr replied "Well Sir if you have been trying to paint a blacksmith you have made a success of it." It is not conceivable that the urbane Col. Burr could have uttered so rude a remark, and we have Burr's own high valuation of it: *Southern District of New York. I certify that the Portrait by Vandyke is the best Likeness ever Painted of me since 1809. N. York 1st Jany 1834. A. Burr.* This attestation was printed beneath a lithographic copy of the Vandyck portrait, now very rare, which proves a very accurate reproduction though a trifle larger than the original painting being 11⅛ inches by 9⅞ inches.

The fertile Hip Burr again was in evidence when he informed me that his father, Aaron Columbus Burr, had had this lithograph made in anticipation of Col. Burr's death, and that the day it was announced, the engraving was hawked about the streets by hue and cry; that few were sold and that the stone and many of the prints still existed somewhere among the family. This story too is hardly believable even if it were conformable to the facts. It is much easier to believe that Aaron Columbus Burr and his family did not originally own the small Vandyck painting and that the Colonel gave the attestation to the artist upon request, who, at an unknown date, but probably shortly following Burr's death, had it lithographed for sale, and that the Aaron Columbus Burr family acquired it only in later years.

One thing militates against all these statements and deductions. Burr sat for no portrait in 1809. No such event could have escaped being noted in his diary. During his travels, in 1809, he only came in contact with one artist, the Swedish painter Breda. Early in 1808, Burr was in hiding preparatory to sailing to England; he arrived in London, July 16, 1808, and left for a trip in Scotland, Dec. 22, 1808; February, 1809, he was back in London, where, Apr. 4, 1809, he became practically a prisoner of state, because of his presence creating possible political complications with the United States; he was then asked to remove himself, which he did, going to Sweden, thence to Germany, Oct. 21, 1809, and to Paris, Feb. 16, 1810. This covers the year 1809 very thoroughly and we are left to select the alternatives of a defective memory on Burr's part, or a forged attestation to the lithograph.

There is one escape from this dilemma which would, if accepted, quash at once the suggestions of defect in memory and fraudulent attestation. In 1809 Burr was in Europe, and treated as a *persona non grata*. We know from his diary his every movement and that he had practically no opportunity to sit for a portrait. Vanderlyn was not with him and no mention is made of this artist's whereabouts in 1809. I believe, in the face of no evidence to the contrary, that Vanderlyn was in the United States in 1809. Burr could not sit for him, but no doubt Vanderlyn had access to the portrait of Burr that he had painted in the winter of 1802, and

this, copied in cabinet size with variations, is, in my modest opinion, the one that Burr refers to in his attestation on the lithograph of the small Vandyck portrait, as the 1809 portrait and is the one which is now owned by the New York Historical Society, and correctly called the work of Vanderlyn. In the chapter devoted to Vanderlyn, this subject is further treated.

Of the origin of the large Vandyck portrait, which I bought, Nov. 6, 1882, from Hip Burr, there is little doubt. It is, in my estimation, a copy by Hippolyte Burr of the smaller work. Certainly he who painted the big portrait had access to the small one. Its identical color scheme and the details of its drawing, even to the small finger ring, prove this; and its very tightness is what one would expect in a copy when a painter attempts to reproduce a small work on a large scale. Hip Burr was no mean artist himself, and though he was not more than four or five years of age when Colonel Burr died, this does not exclude him as the copyist. That the *large painting* was copied from the lithograph I cannot conceive, for it follows more closely the small Vandyck painting than the engraving. By whose ever hand the large painting may be it is a mediocre work, though perhaps a good likeness. On the other hand the small Vandyck portrait of Colonel Burr possesses genuine merit and no doubt was an excellent likeness. It is painted upon a pine (oak?) panel 9¾ inches by 7⅞ inches. Burr is seated in a mahogany arm chair upholstered in red. He is shown at knee-length with his arms folded, full face, body slightly rotated. He wears a blue coat with brown lapels and cuffs and a black vest and a rolled, two button white collar. His complexion is fresh, pink and white, his hair gray and diminished, and atop his head he wears his spectacles, the same glasses that Mrs. Stephens, the authoress, so touchingly alludes to in her letter which follows.

St Cloud Hotel, June 16, 1876.

My dear Sir:—

In response to your suggestion from our mutual and good friend Mr. E. N. Dickerson—who is only perfectly happy when he is contributing to the happiness of others—I take pleaure in sending you the glasses that Aaron Burr used at the time of his death. During his last illness he was the honored guest of an English lady of high birth—who was then or afterwards became Mrs. Joshua Webb. She was the daughter of a gentleman who had known and greatly befriended Burr during his stay in Europe. In this country she revived the old friendship and carried it out faithfully to the end. When most in need of womanly kindness and care he was removed to her house and received from her all the attention a daughter could have bestowed. Being herself a woman of great ability and most generous heart, she would appreciate his true character and feel, with keenness, the injustice done to it. Every paper that Burr possessed went through this lady's hands and was submitted to Judge Edwards, before it was used or destroyed. And she affirmed, most solemnly to me, that there was not a letter or a line compromising any one in the whole collection. A week or two before his death Burr went to Staten Island, hoping to benefit by change of air, but was never able to return to his rooms in New York. When he was dying these glasses lay on a table close to his bed. Reaching out his hand, he touched them saying feebly "Give these to the Madam!" I think these were the last words Burr ever spoke. Certainly the glasses were the last object he ever touched. After his death Judge Edwards delivered them to Mrs. Webb who kept them sacredly until her own death,

when she gave them to me, exactly as they came from Burr's own hand. Since then, though I never knew this remarkable man personally, I have kept the glasses with great care, allowing no one to touch them and, but for the effect of time on the silver, they are, even to an attempt at mending, which he had made, exactly as he last wore them. Knowing that I may give some pleasure to the best friend I have—and feeling that you, as a relative of the dead statesman will prize an object so completely associated with his person, I have great satisfaction in asking your acceptance of the relic.

Very Respectfully
Ann S. Stephens.

Henry A. Burr, Esq., New York.

The lithograph of the Vandyck painting is reproduced satisfactorily in *The Magazine of American History*, November, 1884.

Edward Dexter, son and successor of the old New York print seller, Elias Dexter, had the head and torso of the lithograph engraved by E. G. Williams & Brother, New York, about 1880. In this form it illustrates Edgar Fawcett's *A Romantic Wrong Doer*, in the *Cosmopolitan* for October, 1897.

Henry Austin's magazine article on *Famous Duels* also uses it.

In *The Boss and The Machine* (Yale Alumni Association Publishing Co.) is a gravure by Andarsen Lamb, L'd., New York, inscribed "Pen drawing after a painting by J. Vandyke, in the possession of the late E. A. Duyckinck." The drawing is an execrable copy of the engraving made for Edward Dexter and succeeds in making Burr look like an idiot.

Casts And Busts

The Turnerelli Marble Bust

IN THE Winter of 1883, now some forty-five years ago, I inserted in the English magazine, *Notes & Queries*, a request for information concerning the sculptor Turnerelli and the bust that he made of Aaron Burr in 1808. A correspondent, Mr. James Dixon, of Dorking, Surrey, wrote saying that he knew nothing of the bust, but supplied the following information:

"Turnerelli, Peter, sculptor, was born at the latter end of 1774, at Belfast. His father was an Italian modeller, and resided many years in Dublin; his mother was a native of that city. He was intended for the priesthood, but a love of art prevailed. He came to London at the age of 18, was placed with M. Chesne, an able artist, and admitted a student of the Royal Academy. His works early attracted notice and employment. He was engaged to teach the Princess of Wales, and also many of the nobility, modelling in wax, and he exhibited the infant Princess Charlotte in wax, which was much admired. In 1810, George the 3rd sat to him for his bust, and the work was so popular that he made no less than eighty copies of it in marble. He was appointed sculptor to the Queen and also to the Princess of Wales. Some of the most distinguished men of the day were his sitters, and in 1813, when he visited the continent, Louis 18th sat to him for his bust. He executed several monumental works; Sir John Moore, in Canterbury Cathedral, Admiral Sir John Hope, in Westminster Abbey; and Burns at his plough, for the Dumfries monument. He died after a few hour's illness, in Newman Street, March 20th, 1839, leaving a wife and family in great destitution. He had the reputation of being a charming amateur singer." *Redgrave's Dictionary Of Artists Of The English School. 8 vo. London, 1878.*

Burr moved with the procession of notables wending its way to the popular sculptor's studio. The venerable sage and philosopher, Jeremy Bentham had sat to him for his bust and Burr sought a copy of it from the sculptor:

Sept. 2, 1808, in a letter written to his friend Bentham, he says: "Turnerelli refuses to give or sell me a bust without your order. Will you be pleased to send me such order for one or two, as he may agree . . . One I must have for your little friend and admirer, Theodosia." Burr thereupon secured the bust. It was boxed and sent by the *Hopewell*, a vessel sailing between England and the United States, which was seized, however, by the French. "It is conjectured here that the box in question contained the bust. This is melancholy, but might it not be practicable by a letter to Talleyrand to procure, if not the restoration of the box, at least the safe keeping of the contents."

With the thought of his daughter Theodosia ever uppermost in his mind, Burr decided to have himself sculped, and entered in his Diary a number of references to his amusing, even if somewhat distressing experiences in that procedure.

Nov. 23, 1808. "When returning home, called at Turnerelli's, the statuary, and engaged to give him a sitting tomorrow."

Nov. 24. "Went to Turnerelli's. He would have a mask. I consented, because Bentham et others had. A very unpleasant ceremony" . . . "Just as we were going out, casting my eyes in the mirror, I observed a great purple mark on my nose. Went up and washed it, rubbed it—all to no purpose. It was indelible. That cursed mask business has occasioned it. I believe the fellow used quick lime instead of plaster of Paris, for I felt a very unpleasant degree of heat during the operation. I sent Sir Mark [Sir Mark A. Gerard] off, resolved to see no signora [a Corsican lady, widow of a British officer] till the proboscis be in order."

25 Nov. "Nose the same. At eleven went to Turnerelli's to sit. Relieved myself by abusing him for the nose disaster. He bore it like one conscious, and endeavoured to console me by stating that the same thing happened to Lord Melville, and to several others, and that the appearance passed off in a few days. Took a hack, not liking to walk and exhibit my nose. Stayed two hours with Turnerelli. He will make a most hideous, frightful thing, but much like the original. After leaving T., being unfit for any reasonable thing, rode to Madam O's to apprize her," etc.

27. "From Reeves' walked on to visit the donna; but recollecting my nose, walked home."

28. "Nose a little improved . . . Waited till one for Tom's return, and then went to T. Sat one hr. Worse and worse. This was meant to please you; but if I had suspected that I had become so ugly, I would sooner have——."

Dec. 1, 1808. Lond. "To Turnerelli's—abroad. I am glad of it; for I would give five guineas that the thing were demolished."

2. "To T's who had been to hunt me. Sat only twenty minutes. He is determined to go through with it. Tries to encourage me. Finds it wonderfully like Voltaire; but all won't do. It is a horrid piece of deformity."

5 Dec. '08. . . . "to Turnerelli's, where sat an hour."

7. "To Turnerelli's—not at home. Shall never be done with that fellow, and yet he tries his best; but the strange irregularities and deformities of the face defies all art."

Saturday 10. "To Turnerelli's at two. I wish I never had begun with him."

Laurence Hutton, in his work on Death-Masks, incidentally alludes to this work of Turnerelli's, and says it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1809, and in a personal communication to me, Nov. 4, 1892, states "I have never been able to find the bust of Aaron Burr by Turnerelli, nor any trace of it, I am sorry to say."

March 25, 1812, Burr entered in his Diary "Also a note to Koe about Natalie's picture, which I had for three years past supposed to be finally lost, but which I found in his bedchamber a few days ago. Directed him to send it to W. Graves, who will send it to me, with other things." The bust may have been forwarded "with the other things," but forty years of desultory searching upon my part has failed to bring it to light. Still much less likely is there a possibility of the original Turnerelli mask being extant. With the bust finished, this would probably have gone into the discard.

The Fowler And Wells Bust

BURR'S numerous earthly migrations ceased at Port Richmond, Staten Island Here he peacefully died Sept. 14, 1836. He had withdrawn thither from New York to the quiet of a small country hotel hoping to benefit his health, as well as to receive the ministrations of his loyal kinsman, Judge Ogden Edwards, whose attractive residence still stands at West Brighton, occupied by Arthur A. Michell, Esq. Some years ago an account of an interview with Mr. O. W. Buell, of Port Richmond, who prepared Burr's remains for the undertaker, appeared in the columns of the *New York Sun.* Mr. Buell was along in years, but his memory of persons and events was distinctly good and his narrative entertaining: "A mysterious stranger, who fairly haunted the house and made interested inquiries during Col. Burr's last illness, without being admitted to his presence, finally turned out to be neither relative, friend nor acquaintance, though until then supposed to be one or the other . . ." "He was a good-looking, non committal young man, with a carpet bag, who began to come down here regularly by the last boat every day for a fortnight or so preceding Aaron Burr's death. But the mystery all came out shortly after Col. Burr's death. I was hired to lay out the body, as I have told you. It was well on into the evening and I had just finished my task, when there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and who do you suppose was there? The mysterious stranger, carpet-bag and all, with a business-like air and a satisfied grin on his face. He cast a single glance on the dead man's face, sat down and opened his carpet-bag, exposing its contents, appropriated the wash bowl and water pitcher and set to work in a nimble, matter-of-fact way, and without asking leave of anybody. The secret of his long and patient perseverence was then manifest. He was an artist and had been waiting all those days and nights for just the opportunity that was his at last—the propitious hour directly after death, when a perfect plaster-of-Paris cast of the head and features could be taken before the symptoms of decay made themselves visible." The so-called artist had been employed at a cost of $50., by the then recently established firm of phrenologists, Fowler and Wells, of New York. These followers of Gall and Spurzheim described the cast as a face shortened by the loss of teeth and the head marked by excessive amativeness, destructiveness, combativeness, firmness and large self esteem. Poor old man! How the beauty of youth and the strength of manhood had deserted him! How his disfigured, battered features were cruelly analyzed long after these attributed qualities had long been lost! Mr. Buell said that Burr had "a somewhat hatchet face, whose dignity was slightly marred by a thin aquiline nose, having a decided twist or bend to one side, either through some accident or by natural malformation." Though his portraitists ignored the fact, there is no doubt that the lower half of his nose was out of plumb. Burr himself recognized the fact when he alluded to the strange irregularities and deformities of his face which defied all the art of the sculptor Turnerelli to make his cast in 1808. And the writer in *The Port Folio,* under date of Aug. 30, 1805, in his pen picture of Burr, confirms this in his description—"his nose is nearly rectilinear, too slender between the

Aaron Burr

Fowler and Wells Death Cast

Dr. John E. Stillwell

eyes, rather inclined to the right side; gently elevated, which betrays a degree of haughtiness; too obtuse at the end for great acuteness of penetration, brilliancy of wit or poignancy of satire, and too small to sustain his ample and capacious forehead."

The Fowler and Wells cast without doubt shows this feature of Burr's face in a magnified degree; the aged shrunken tissues, as well as death itself, would naturally intensify the appearance of this deformity.

This cast has been used by Fowler and Wells to illustrate their work, and also by Laurence Hutton in his magazine article on *A Collection Of Death Masks.*

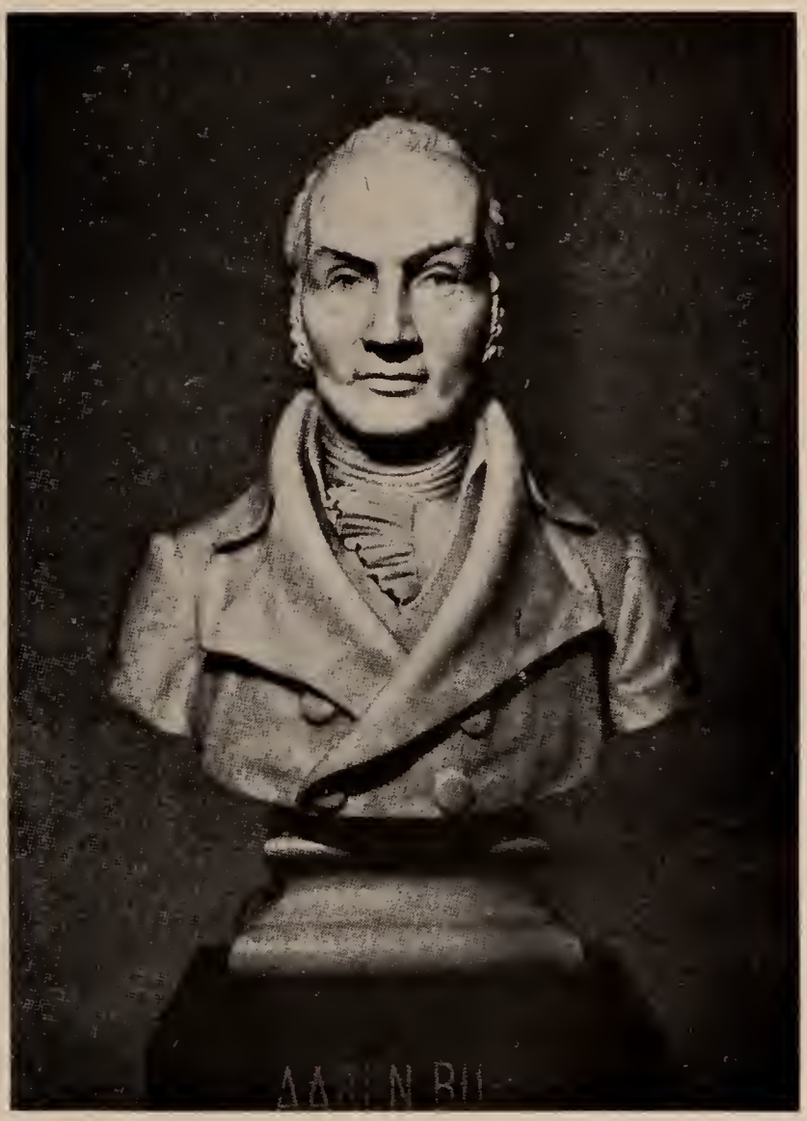
The Jacques Jouvenal Bust

IN THE construction of the extension of the Capitol and the completion of the Senate Chamber and the Hall of the House of Representatives niches were provided in the gallery floors of each of these rooms set apart for legislative purposes, the idea being stated by Capt. M. C. Meigs, the constructor in charge of the Capitol, that if niches were provided, works of art would be provided later to fill these vacant spaces."

In 1859, with this in mind, an Art Commission was created but its recommendation, for paintings and sculpture, failing to receive the approval of Congress, was abolished in 1860. Some time elapsed before another effort was made, but, January 27th, 1886, a resolution was submitted to the Senate—That the Committee on the Library be directed to consider the subject of placing busts of Vice Presidents . . . in the vacant niches of the Senate Chamber and its corridors. This was unanimously agreed to and February 4th, 1886, the Library Committee agreed that if this object could be accomplished by the use of the contingent fund of the Senate it would introduce a favorable resolution. Four days later, February 8th, 1886, it was "Resolved, That marble busts of those who have been Vice Presidents of the United States shall be placed in the vacant niches of the Senate Chamber from time to time," etc. *Annual Report of the Architect Of The Capitol, 1928.*

The work of providing Aaron Burr's bust, Vice President from March 4, 1801, to March 3, 1805, fell to Jacques Jouvenal, a sculptor "who for many years lived in Washington, and died in that city on the 8th day of March, 1905. Mr. Jouvenal was of old Huguenot stock and was born in Pinache, Germany, March 18, 1829. His parents were obliged to flee from the south of France on account of religious principles. At the age of 16 he commenced his art study under the instruction of Klammer, of Stuttgart, Germany. Emigrating to the United States in 1853, he remained in New York until 1855, when he moved to Washington and commenced work on the capitals of the columns of the Capitol, where he was employed for five years. His services terminated at the commencement of the War of the Rebellion. His first work as a portrait sculptor was the bust of Von Steuben at the German Orphan Asylum. His statue of Benjamin Franklin is at the intersection of Tenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C." *Art and Artists of the Capitol, by Charles E. Fairman*, a well compiled and interesting work.

As Aaron Burr was born in 1756 and died in 1836, and Jouvenal was born in 1829 and died in 1905, the sculptor was but seven years old when the Vice President died, hence it follows that the bust was not a contemporary work but a much later creation, based upon a portrait which, by the exclusion of the Gilbert Stuart portrait as being too young, and the Vandyck portrait as being too old, must have been modelled from the only other full faced likeness known, that by Vanderlyn, then owned by the Edwards family and later purchased from them, by Mr. Walter Jennings, of New York City. It is seldom that the medium, marble, lends



Aaron Burr Marble Bust by Jacques Jouvenal

Capitol, Washington, D. C.

itself to perfect portraiture. It is too hard, cold and unworkable, hence Jouvenal, the artist, with his double handicap, has only given us a bust of pictorial value to serve as a commemorative marker, but in no sense a genuine portrait.

The Bronze Statuette

ABOUT 1922, I was informed that a bronze statuette, representing Burr standing at full length, was on sale at the curio shop of Miss Jane Teller, 421 East 61st Street, New York City. When I reached there it had been sold some time before and the buyer was unknown. It was represented as a few inches high and may have conformed to others similar in size and shape of Burr's contemporaries. Of its origin and history nothing could be ascertained. It must be a rarity for I have heard of none other.

THEODOSIA BARTOW
Wife Of Col. Prevost
And
Of Col. Burr

COL. BURR'S WATCH

Mr. E. D. Hill

THEODOSIA BURR

Burr's Watches

THE earliest known likeness of Theodosia Burr occurs on the dial of a medium size silver watch, once owned by her father. This watch has the even greater interest of having a companion portrait of her mother, Theodosia Bartow, the widow of James Marc Prevost and wife of Col. Burr, which is, so far as I know, the only likeness extant of Burr's first wife, also painted upon the dial. The mother and the daughter are represented in profile, facing each other, the former at waist length, the latter at knee length, and of necessity they are extremely small to be crowded into such small compass and are further diminished by the ornamental design which separates them. Mrs. Burr is clothed in a waist remarkable only for its large lapels and standing collar. Her hair is black, curly and wiggy; her eyes dark and nose straight. More definite analysis of it is impossible. Theodosia is painted with mussy hair, a sheep face, a broomstick arm and an expression belying any immediate or future intelligence. The mother and child bear a strong resemblance to each other. Mrs. Burr was born in 1746, and was some ten years older than her husband Col. Burr, whom she married in 1782. Theodosia was born in 1783, and the mother died in 1794, so at the best Theodosia could not have been more than ten years old, and from her likeness on the dial was more likely seven than ten. Applying these dates we may deduce that the portraits of Mrs. Burr and her daughter were painted about 1790, when the mother was about forty-four years old and the daughter about seven. The artist is unknown. On a larger scale he might have been more competent; here he fails abjectly. Col. Burr probably thought so too, for it was among the goods left behind and seized by the Bowrowsons. In the chapter on that family the manner of their succession to Col. Burr's effects is disclosed.

This watch became the property of Anthony Bowrowson's daughter, Theodosia, who married Mr. Shelburg. Their daughter, Harriet A. Shelburg, became the wife of David Hill, of Hazlet, New Jersey, a widower with four children, one of whom, E. D. Hill, Esq., of Atlantic Avenue, Keyport, New Jersey, received this watch from his stepmother, Harriet A. Shelburg Hill, and had it in his possession when I saw it, July 14, 1923. Mr. Hill is a man in his sixties. He states he has refused an offer of five hundred dollars for the watch. In 1882, in midsummer, I called upon Harriet A. Shelburg Hill, at Hazlet, but the visit was unproductive as I then knew little of the Bowrowson history and she apparently knew less, or at least was uncommunicative.

Perhaps there will be no better place than here to mention the other watches Burr possessed. For many years such articles had been pet jewels and playthings of the aristocrats. Hundreds of them of exquisite shape, decoration and value have been transmitted and exist today in collections possessed by private individuals and public institutions. Owning them then was as much of a fad as collecting them now. Col. Burr succumbed to the prevailing fashion. His diary teems with allusions to his watches: silver repeater, diamond watch, enamelled watch, picture watch, ring watch and others. The picture watch carried in miniature the

portrait of Theodosia, painted by Vanderlyn in 1802, and it may correspond to his enamelled watch. Burr even had in mind to have his own portrait enamelled upon a watch case which was to replace his lost l'Epine. To quote from his diary:

July 8, 1811. "To Bonnetts, from whom I had a note this morning telling me he was sick. We had a consultation about your watch which I perceive will ruin me and to enhance the evil got another whim in my head which will add several louis to the cost, i. e. to enamel on the other side the picture of . . . "

July 9, 1811. "Took Vanderlyn in cabriolet to the enamellers to consult about wasting more money. He agrees to assist me to his utmost in such laudable disposition. To Badolets to get the case of your watch . . . Took cabriole to the enamellers to give him the watch case."

Burr was soon to be allowed to sail for America and to accomplish it he had to raise funds. He enters under date of:

Sept. 12, 1811. "I have paid the Captain 480 guilders, which is equal to about 50 louis. But how did I raise this? The reply contains a dreadful disclosure. I raised it by the sale of all my little meubles and loose property. Among others, alas! my dear little Gamp's. It is shocking to relate but what else could I do? The Captain said it was impossible to get out of town without 500 guilders. He had tried every resource and was in despair. The money must be raised or the voyage given up. So, after turning it over and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little beautiful watch was—was sold. I do assure you—but you know how sorry I was. If my clothes had been saleable, they would have gone first, that's sure. But heighho! when I get rich I will buy you a prettier one."

Burr set sail for Boston on the American ship *Vigilant*, but the very same day she was captured and sent to Yarmouth. Burr found himself again in inhospitable England, and to live had to part with more of his belongings. As early as Jan. 28, 1812, the divesture commenced, for he states: "The articles destined for pawn are your diamond watch and the picture watch; and for sale, my silver repeater," etc.

Feb. 29, 1812. "To Joyce's, watch maker, Lombard St., with whom had left your picture watch to be regulated and to get a key; half a guinea," etc.

Mch. 1, 1812, London. "On my way home tried to pawn the picture-watch, but the rascal would only give £4.

Mch. 12, 1812. "Tried on my way home at several places to pawn your picture watch which ought to be worth fifty guineas; but they would not give more than £3, which refused."

Mch. 23, 1812, London. "To Joyce's for the watches. I had expected with horror, an enormous bill of three or four guineas. His bill is eight pounds twelve shillings! I choked and was petrified, but remonstrance and scolding would have been vain. Took the silver repeater, and left your picture-watch till the bill should be paid, for I had only twenty shillings, and Graves nothing. Much fear I shall not be able to redeem it." His fears were realized, for two days later, Mch. 25, 1812, with permission from the government to sail, yet destitute of passage money, desperate and humiliated, he was forced to borrow £20 from his friend Reeves, and leave to Graves for the £15 he owed him, the picture-watch, which the good soul not only consented to let remain, but promised to redeem . . . "which remains in the hands of those

rascals, the Joyces; hope therefore at some future day you may see it. Left also with Graves the ring-watch," and other goods to the amount of £25, as security for his advances.

That Col. Burr, the son and the grandson of distinguished Americans, and himself an officer in the army of the American Revolution, an United States Senator, and a Vice President of the United States should have been reduced to such a humiliating position by the machinations of his political foes, abetted by his government, is a great and heinous crime. The shame of it is not his but his country's. He was always lavishly generous and never realized the value of money, and repeated sad experiences failed to enlighten him. "This giving," he writes, "is a very unprofitable business and I have twenty times determined to quit it, yet am perpetually seduced into the perpetration thereof."

"My private debts are subject of some solicitude, but confidence in my own industry and resources does not permit me to despond, nor even to doubt," etc. Upon others he spent much; upon himself little, and as a political exile, there was no way that he could make a living from the profession in which he had hitherto shone and in which he was yet to shine again. Oppression then, as now, seems to be the privilege of government. One marvels how a supposedly moral nation can be guilty of immoral acts. Theft is none the less theft when perpetrated by a nation, and it is not even competition when a government enters into kindred business with its citizens; it then amounts to confiscation. Progress is irresistible, but it need not be milestoned by injustices even if needed for the major good. No extenuation for the creation of the postal service, the parcels post, the abolition of slavery, the prohibition of liquor, the confiscatory regulation of railroad rates, and numerous other rapidly multiplying ills can be justified without adequate compensation to the owners of the long ago Pony Post, the Express Companies, the slave owners, the liquor manufacturers and the railroads; and this has never been made. You cannot be moral and oppressive at the same time; it is not tolerable that one class should be oppressed that another should be benefitted. Such action, with steady invasion of personal, even constitutional, liberty creates hostility so great that we may pause and give heed. If Burr was a victim of such conditions in 1810, we are the greater victims in 1928.

Theodosia Burr's Portrait

By

Gilbert Stuart

THE youthful Theodosia was painted by Stuart about 1794. No doubt the portrait was contemporary in execution with the portrait of her father by the same artist, now owned by the New Jersey Historical Society, and which we have just discussed. In the Summer of 1883, I was told of its existence and that it was hanging on the walls of the Edwards' house in Stratford, Connecticut. I journeyed there at once, saw it in juxtaposition to the full face portrait of Col. Burr by Vanderlyn, now owned by Mr. Walter Jennings, of New York City, and arranged, with their permission, to have both paintings photographed. The Misses Edwards had acquired these two paintings from their father, Judge Ogden Edwards, who, it will be recalled, obtained most, if not all of his Burr portraits, by purchase from the Bowrowsons. Five years after my visit, 1888, Miss Mary Edwards, the last of the sisters, died, and the paintings were bequeathed to her brother, Ogden Edwards, who in turn passed them on to his son and daughter, Pierrepont and Amy Edwards. Miss Amy Edwards survived her brother, and died quite recently at Elizabeth, New Jersey, as I am informed by Mrs. Laura Johnson Carmalt, of New Haven, Connecticut, whose father was first cousin to the Misses Edwards. Mrs. Carmalt's impression was that the finer of the two paintings was that of Col. Burr, but that the portrait of Theodosia was very pleasing, and represented "a young girl playing with roses," and that this was the portrait that was stolen from the house of Pierrepont Edwards, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and never recovered. This story of a stolen portrait has passed from mouth to mouth in the Edwards family and appeared in print, and while I have never been able to obtain an authentic version of the theft, it seemingly will not down. That a portrait of Theodosia Burr was stolen from Ogden P. Edwards, is likely, but that it was this portrait by Gilbert Stuart is impossible, unless it was recovered after the theft, which I have never seen stated. Both the Stuart portrait of Theodosia and the full face portrait of Col. Burr by Vanderlyn were given by Miss Amy Edwards to Miss Laura Jay Edwards, of Millbrook, Duchess County, New York, who sold them, in April, 1919, Col. Burr's portrait to Mr. Walter Jennings, of New York City, and Theodosia's portrait to Miss Annie Burr Jennings, his sister.

In Pidgin's *Theodosia*, the Stuart painting is quite accurately described in a letter, to the New York Times, of June 27, 1902, written by Mary Snowden Eastly, of Babylon, New York. After stating that it was in the possession of Miss Edwards, she continues: it represents "a very sweet and interesting young girl. She was seated, her head bent slightly forward. Her hair hung in curling tresses over her shoulders and was cut in a straight line across her forehead . . . The face had a gentle, almost pathetic, beauty. An air of unconscious grace was noticeable in the pose." Miss Laura Jay Edwards' history of the painting is too fanciful and

THEODOSIA BURR GILBERT STUART

Miss Annie B. Jennings

inaccurate to reproduce it. Little is needed to complete Miss Eastly's description of Stuart's Theodosia: She already looks dignified enough to do the honors of her father's household, which she did at fourteen years, as she sits demurely in a large arm chair, adjacent to a table upon which rests two books, dressed all in white with much lace about her waist and neck. Her hands appear in her lap, and in the right one she holds a book into which her index finger is inserted, not holding flowers, as Mrs. Carmalt wrote. The painting is obscurely signed with the artist's name, and, as I believe it was painted in 1794, Theodosia was about eleven years old.

By a strange error Mr. Pidgin (see *Theodosia*, pp. 430 and 434), after studying the hair of St. Memin's pantograph likeness of Theodosia, dated 1797, and reading Miss Eastly's description, reaches the false conclusion that St. Memin simply copied this Stuart portrait. This is impossible, for the Stuart portrait of Theodosia, and the St. Memin of 1797, are as unlike as the sun and the moon. Each stands for an entirely distinct portrayal.

Her father, Colonel Burr, criticised it accurately in a letter he wrote to her Jan. 5, 1795: "Your picture is really like you: still it does not quite please me. It has a pensive, sentimental air, that of a love-sick maid. Stuart has probably meant to anticipate what you may be at sixteen, but even in that I think he has missed it." *Charles Felton Pidgin's Theodosia, The First Gentlewoman of Her Time, Boston, 1907, page 199.*

Lawrence Park's *Gilbert Stuart* supplies a further description of this painting:

N. Y. 1794. Canvas 29 x 23½ inches.

Life-size, seated three quarters right in an arm chair upholstered in dark red. The figure is placed to the left of the center of the canvas. She is shown as a young girl in her twelfth year, wearing a simple low-necked white gown, the neck trimmed with white lace, and a white shawl is falling from her shoulders, covering her arms. She gazes at the spectator with large, brown, dreamy eyes, and her straight brown hair is brushed forward on her forehead and falls upon her neck. Beside her at her left is a table covered with a brownish-red cloth on which rests two leather-bound books with red title labels. Another book is held in her right hand, lying on her lap, with the index finger thrust between the pages. A bit of a pale grayish-blue satin sash is shown at her waist. The background is of a dark greenish tone, a gray fluted pilaster at the right is seen rising beyond the table. The picture was at one time in bad condition, and the head has been much restored, losing a good deal of the Stuart feeling by the process. On the upper one of the two books lying on the table is written: "Burr;" directly below it on the lower book is ".Stuart 95. Ft" . . .

"This portrait was in the possession of Judge Ogden Edwards, and is in all probability the one which he found, together with the Stuart portrait of Aaron Burr, in the house of a colored woman in the "Short Hills of New Jersey." From his family it came to Miss Amy Edwards, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, who bequeathed it to Miss Laura Jay Edwards, of Millbrook, New York, from whom it was bought in April, 1919, by Miss Annie Burr Jennings, New York City, the present owner. When Miss Jennings acquired it, the portrait was attributed to Vanderlyn, but when it was cleaned the rather bright colors disappeared and the original softened Stuart came out."

"Reproduced in half tone (from a photograph taken before the picture was restored to

its present state), in '*Aaron Burr*,' by Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode, 1925, Vol. 1, facing page 128. Not listed in Mason. Illustrated."

Park's statement is correct except that the one time owner of the painting residing at Short Hills was a white woman, not a colored woman.

THEODOSIA BURR 1796 JOHN VANDERLYN

St. Memin

The 1796 Vanderlyn Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr

VANDERLYN'S next effort was to paint Theodosia Burr,* in 1796, when she had reached the age of thirteen years. Stuart had already done so and had produced a fine work of great charm. For so young an artist as the twenty year old Vanderlyn to attempt it was hazardous; he was as like to be commended for his courage as to be condemned for his temerity. He was clever enough to realize this and did not attempt to fly too high. In consequence he made no pretentious effort; he simply painted his subject in profile, standing, at half-length, and you feel that she is a sweet, immature girl, nothing more. She is probably still in short skirts, her features are somewhat sharp and her hair flows loosely down her back and shoulders. Though crudely painted, the picture is attractive because of its simplicity. Even in size it is modest, for it is a small cabinet painting. Her father doubtless admired it, with its forecast of her future physical beauty, and perhaps at his request, but just as likely by St. Memin's own desire, it was reproduced in 1797, by that artist's peculiarly exact method as an engraving. I saw this little painting first about thirty-five or forty years ago when it was in the possession of the Edwards family, then residing in West 47th Street just off of Fifth Avenue. Today it is owned by Miss Laura Jay Edwards, of Millbrook, Duchess County, N. Y., who acquired it from her father Jonathan Edwards, the son of Ogden Edwards who no doubt obtained it in his general rescue of the Burr portraits from the Bowrowsons. That it came from them I have no doubt, for Col. Burr had another Vanderlyn portrait of Theodosia much more precious to him; one which was his constant companion at home and abroad, and which abided with him until his death. Naturally he would have neither desire nor means to carry more than this one and all others were appropriated by the Bowrowsons.

Vanderlyn's artistic development was rapid. At twenty-six he did work of such excellence that today it passes for Stuart's. Their palette and technic were frequently identical and both painted so thinly that at times the grain of the canvas produced the shadows and half tones. His European study was soon to lend grace and distinction to his compositions.

*Pidgin's *Theodosia*, p. 430, erroneously claims that this portrait was probably the work of Gilbert Stuart and simply copied by St. Memin. It is beyond dubiety the work of Vanderlyn. It correctly appears as the work of Vanderlyn in certain magazine articles, the Burr Genealogy, etc.

Vanderlyn's Kingston Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr

FOR want of more definite information I am compelled to designate this portrait of Theodosia, the Kingston Portrait. Many years ago a very unsatisfactory small photograph of a painting, with badly broken edges, even to a substantial loss at the corners, was sent to me from that city. The picture was unframed and the canvas, or material upon which it was painted, was glued to a board. It represented Theodosia at perhaps fourteen years of age, painted a little more than waist length, unfinished arm and hand, body two-thirds displayed, face in profile, small sharp nose, and generally undeveloped features which were, however, unmistakably hers. Her hair fell in two well defined locks, a short one in front of her right ear, a long one forward on her shoulder. She was clothed in a white dress opened at the neck. It was apparently a sketch. Its origin and owner could not be ascertained, and even the photographer was unindicated upon the photograph.

In 1923, I made a determined effort to locate this painting. By proxy I visited every photographer and citizen likely to possess information in Kingston, and failing to obtain it, inserted Oct. 13, 1923, the following query, in the Kingston, *New York, Daily Leader:*

WANTED—Information concerning a portrait of Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, at about the age of 12 to 14 years, which was photographed between 1880 and 1890. The portrait was then unframed and partially lost at its lower margins and was apparently nailed to a board. Please reply to John E. Stillwell, 9 West 49th St., New York City.

No success followed until May, 1928, when I was told of the existence of a portrait of Theodosia, in the Museum of the Senate House, Kingston. Investigation proved it to be the so called Vanderlyn Kingston Portrait. On the back of it was: Theodosia Burr presented by Maria Gosman. Painted May 2, 1792. The size of the panel is 4¾ inches by 6½ inches. It is rapidly disintergrating. The accuracy of the date, May 2, 1792, I am inclined to question. Theodosia Burr was born in June, 1783, which would make her, in May, 1792, less than nine years of age and Vanderlyn, born in October, 1776, less than sixteen. Probably May 2, 1792, is a misreading or a late inscription from memory. I would suggest that the work was done about 1796, and was an unused sketch for the painting of Theodosia Burr which he created at this date.

THEODOSIA BURR JOHN VANDERLYN

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

The 1796 Portrait of Theodosia Burr

By

St. Memin

WHILE St. Memin's engraving and Vanderlyn's profile portrait of Theodosia Burr were apparently both executed in the year 1796, she certainly looks much older, at the hands of the engraver, than she does at the hands of the painter. Roughly calculated she was thirteen when they were made, but the extremes of the year, if taken, would allow an additional year; and as we have elsewhere stated, she was at fourteen so precocious that she was the mistress of her father's household. We will concede that she looks well developed for her years, but allowance must be made for the viewpoint of two different men and two different methods or mediums of expression, the burin and the brush. St. Memin depicts her with small, aristocratic features, a resolute mouth and profuse hair falling, unrestrained, down her back. She has not yet reached the age of extravagant dress, but wears a pleated linen waist edged, at the neck and shoulders, with a heavy ruffle.

Oct. 16, 1915, Charles Burr Todd, writing to me from Washington's Crossing, New Jersey, states that he had heard of a steel engraving of Theodosia Burr Alston, in South Carolina. Nov. 27, 1919, he wrote from Coronado, Florida: "Its the small copper plate in profile, in a circle, in solid gilt frame. It was made in 1809 [?] for Natalie Sumter, the little French *emigre* who Col. Burr took into his family to be a companion to Theodosia, and it is now owned by the four grand daughters of Natalie. You may remember the latter married Gen. Sumter, of Revolutionary fame. Of these four grandchildren only one is married and she has no children. They regard it as an heirloom and could only be induced to sell it by the offer of a considerable sum of money, as a favor, and because it would go into and remain in Theodosia's family" . . . "Would you give $1,500. for it?" . . . "I can secure the two portraits of Theodosia in St. Memin's own collection for $2,500. each. Do you want them? You remember St. Memin made two impressions, one he gave to the sitter and kept the other himself, then destroyed the plate. He took his collection to France, but it was later bought by an American collector and brought back home; 281 portraits, originals, 2 of them being of Theodosia. I can buy the whole collection for $30,000., and they offered me the two of Theodosia for $2,500. each. They want a big sum to reimburse them for breaking the collection." It is hardly necessary to call attention to the many errors in Mr. Todd's statement, nor to the well-known fact that St. Memin engravings, perhaps of less distinguished persons than the Burrs, have sold at public auction from two to seven dollars apiece.

Mr. Pidgin falls into error when he says that Colonel Burr in no way referred to the St. Memin engraving, "which is apparently an idealization of the Stuart portrait," and certainly the handsome young woman was not a child of thirteen. Burr may not have referred to this

engraving of Theodosia but it was none the less an original work of St. Memin. Further allusion to it may be found under Stuart's portrait of Theodosia. *Theodosia. By Pidgin, pp. 430, 433.*

St. Memin's engraving of Theodosia Burr, 1796, appears as a frontispiece to Pidgin's *Theodosia;* in Ida M. Tarbell's *Trial Of Aaron Burr;* in Charles Kassan Wead's magazine article on *St. Memin Portraits, etc., etc.*

THEODOSIA BURR 1796 ST. MEMIN

The 1802 Vanderlyn Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr Alston

THE most beautiful of all the portraits of Theodosia is that by Vanderlyn, painted in 1802. April 5th, of that year, Col. Burr wrote to his daughter that he was coming South. An event was shortly expected. When he arrived at Clifton, a day's journey from Charleston, where Theodosia was, he wrote her, April 30, 1802, of his detention because of a full stage—"not even a seat for the Vice-president," and that "William arrived here this afternoon and tells us *you* are well, and your husband *ill.* This is exactly wrong, unless he means to take the whole trouble off your hands, as some good husbands have heretofore done; so at least Darwin records. God bless thee, my dear Theodosia." The boy, the cause of so much of her future sorrow, arrived May 22, 1802. Her recovery was expeditious, and she sailed, with her father to New York, where they arrived June 23, 1802. It will be recalled that Theodosia was born at Albany, June 21, 1783, was married Feb. 2, 1801, and was now the mother of a promising boy a few months old. Vanderlyn had apparently declined Burr's request, (mentioned in his letter of April 5th to Theodosia), "to ship himself for the port of Charleston on the first of May." The artist realized the moment was inopportune, but now the time was ripe and he availed himself of it. Mrs. Alston sailed for the South, Nov. 24, 1802, which she reached after a five month's absence and a ten day passage. It was during these five months, in the Summer and early Fall of 1802, (during a portion of which time she was ill), that this portrait was painted. Dec. 4, 1802, Burr wrote: "Vanderlyn has finished your picture in the most beautiful style imaginable. When it was done, he exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'There is the best work I have ever done in America.' " On Dec. 16th, following, he writes again to his daughter: "Vanderlyn projects to visit Charleston, but I am sure he will not. He is run down with applications for portraits, all of which, without discrimination, he refuses. He is greatly occupied in finishing his Niagara views, which indeed, will do him honor. They will be four in number, and he thinks of having them engraved in France. You hear the roaring of the cataract when you look at them."

This Vanderlyn portrait of Theodosia, painted in 1802, is as simple as it is graceful and elegant. Fresh from the study of classic art, the artist portrays her Grecian features in profile, producing a cameo-like relief in a painting which has always been foremost in popularity in 19th century American art. This statuesque treatment had largely its revival in the Napoleonic era and its strongest exponents were David and his followers. The finely poised head, the straight nose, the short upper lip, the closely drawn hair and lineless face of Theodosia all lent themselves to producing this effect, which was still furthered by a veil flowing from her head down around both of her shoulders, and a simple white dress destitute of all ornament, cut V shape at the neck and belted high at the waist. Perhaps for perfect symmetry her jowls, neck

and ear are too heavy and the head is too much strained by the forced rotation of her neck upon the body, which is placed nearly full, facing the spectator. It is painted upon canvas at near half length, upon a plain background. Theodosia appears in it the perfection of youthful feminine development, radiant with its health and happiness. It was Burr's inseparable companion at home and abroad and he displayed it where and whenever opportunity offered. There was no surer passport to his affections than to admire it, which was generously done. Once, when in need of slight repairs, he took it to Carl Frederik von Breda, the Swedish Court painter, the pupil of Reynolds and the Vandyck of his own country, who exclaimed "Good God pardon the freedom; but can any man on earth be worthy of that woman? I know how to estimate her. Such a union of delicacy, dignity, sweetness and genius I never saw. Is she happy? He almost shed tears."

Breda's analysis was about correct. The reigning Duke of Weimar, who Burr claimed knew art, "Found a great deal of fault with the painter. In the original, he said, there must be dignity, majesty, genius, gentleness, sensibility all discernable in the picture, but imperfectly expressed." It looks as if the Duke possessed double vision to see so much. Burr believed it all and himself wrote: "amid a galaxy of Swedish beauty, and I have nowhere seen a greater proportion than at Stockholm, it was distinguished and did honour to the subject, to the artist and to me." When the painting only provoked commonplace admiration he was peeved and out of humor. Its preservation was a constant cause of anxiety, and it was rolled, encased, varnished or restored unceasingly. He carried it on his lap during travel, and hung it in his room where he could address it. How deep was the love and how prophetic his forebodings when he wrote: "I bid you *bon soir* a dozen times before I shut you up in that dark case. I can never do it without regret. It seems as if I were *burying you alive.*" And his love was returned a thousand fold, for she wrote: "I contemplate you with such a strange admixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love and pride that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. When I afterward revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear. My vanity would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our relationship. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

Such stupendous homage has never been paid before nor since to any human being!

The man who could write in his private diary "I suffer and freeze" yet smile to the world and blind his daughter with the cheer of his letters; the man who could silently ignore affronts and not justify his actions; the man upon whom fell a blow so great that he wrote in his agony "I am severed from the human race" yet who uncomplainingly resumed the tasks of life, was no common mortal. Even his enemies should concede him fortitude, self respect and deep paternal love.

I have never been able to locate the original portrait of Theodosia Burr Alston painted by Vanderlyn in 1802, but it was frequently engraved in the middle of the 19th century, and I suspect that it still exists in some branch of the Bowrowson family. The copies that Burr so frequently ordered between 1810 and 1815 from Vanderlyn of this 1802 painting were *cut offs* at bust length of the original. They were created for ease of transportation but in this case utility materially sacrificed the beauty and compositional value of the original painting. Of

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON 1802 JOHN VANDERLYN

Mrs. T. D. Waters

these replicas I can now locate two, though I know there were more. One is in the possession of Mrs. Robert H. Horsey (neé Florence Middleton), of 19 Hillside Avenue, Summit, New Jersey, while the other is in the possession of Mrs. T. D. Waters (neé Frances Breckenridge), of 1523 31st Street, W., Washington, D. C. There is much sentiment attached to the former for it was the painting Burr carried with him in his hurried departure to Europe, and it abided with him until the time of his death. I had the pleasure of first seeing this painting in 1882, and since then have made many ineffectual attempts to purchase it. It is in poor physical condition; the paint has flaked from the canvas in transverse lines from being frequently rolled. It is doubtless this painting that is erroneously referred to in Pidgin's *Theodosia*, pp. 427, 428, as a Gilbert Stuart, and pronounced by its owners in a frail condition. If the instructions in Burr's will were carried out this painting passed to his kinswoman, Miss Theodosia Prevost, and this I believe was the case.

The kinswoman that Burr called Theodosia Prevost was a spinster and the daughter of Hon. John Bartow Prevost, Burr's stepson; hence Theodosia Prevost was practically a step granddaughter to Col. Burr. She died in 1865, leaving a will in which she called herself of New Bridge (Barbadoes), now known as Englewood, N. J., and gave to her friend, Helen Hughes, her silver, pictures, and personal effects, and to her brother Stanhope Prevost, of Lima, Peru, her real estate. James N. Platt, of New York, was her executor. From him, in August, 1882, I ascertained that Miss Hughes was Miss Prevost's companion, residing with her for many years. That she was aged and died, probably, without close heirs. The cup with Theodosia's portrait was sent to Lima, "but the Breckenbridges, of Allton, now have it."

In reply to a letter addressed to them, I received the following:

Allton, Oct. 5, 1883.

Dr John E. Stillwell

Dear Sir:—

Your courteous letter of Sept. 29th received day before yesterday. It affords me great pleasure to tell you all I know about my picture of Theodosia Burr Allston. It is done on Sevres china—a small medallion mounted on copper, about 2¾ inches long and 2 inches wide. It was given to my late husband, Dr M. P. Breckenridge, by his mother who was a daughter of John B. Prevost. Miss Theodosia Prevost was the only sister of my mother-in-law and may have owned the picture for some time, but I do not know that she did. I once had a large copy of the *original* portrait by Vanderlyn, which Col. Burr always carried with him and supposed it would be given to my daughter Theodosia P. Breckenridge, but it was bequeathed to the branch of the Prevost family in Lima, Peru. The Prevosts in Lima also have a Sevres cup with a medallion on it like mine, and a saucer with initials, but both were badly broken and injured in being transported to South America. The life long friend and companion of Miss Theodosia Prevost, Miss Hughes, told me that the portrait of Theodosia which Col. Burr always carried with him had been left by him to an illegitimate daughter and afterwards sold for debt, and was in the possession of so wicked a man in Brooklyn or New York, that I had better not try to find out what was likely to be its fate. She told me about it in 1871, a year or so before her death. Hoping to have contributed to helping you in your researches

I remain, Yours truly

Lucy L. Breckenridge.

Hip Burr says that when Colonel Burr left his father's house he took with him the rolled portrait of Theodosia, which no doubt is correct, for he naturally would not part with it. Hence it is likely this identical painting passed to Miss Prevost and then to Burr's daughter Frances. Mrs. Breckenridge's letter tells how it left them. Now the query is how did this rolled Vanderlyn come to the Columbus Burr family. This is answered by them: Aaron Columbus Burr had his attention drawn to a portrait of Theodosia in the possession of one, Rodgers, owner of a pawn, jewelry or curiosity shop, in Chatham Street. He bought it, paying possibly $50. for it.

The second known replica to which we have alluded as owned by Mrs. Waters, of Washington, D. C., likewise passed through the hands of Miss Theodosia Prevost. It was probably given directly to her by Colonel Burr, during his lifetime. Upon her death it passed to her brother Stanhope Prevost, of Lima, Peru, and following his demise it was successively owned by his sons Henry and Charles, and by the latter passed directly to Frances Breckenridge Waters, a daughter of Lewis Breckenridge, whose mother was a daughter of John Bartow Prevost, the step-son of Colonel Burr and half-brother of Theodosia Burr Alston. The painting is very beautiful and in a fine state of preservation and does credit to Vanderlyn. Theodosia is described as wearing a white dress and a pale blue sash and scarf. Through the kindness of Mrs. Waters I am able to reproduce it.

How many replicas were made of the 1802 portrait of Theodosia Burr is unknown and it would be idle to speculate thereon. The work of copying it never ceased for years.

July 7, 1814, Burr addressed a letter to *Monsieur Jean Van Der Lyn a Paris*, in which, among other things, he said: "I am sorely afraid my dear John that you have neglected to make a copy of that portrait which I left with so much hesitation and regret—I fear because you have not mentioned it in any of your letters, which I think you would have done if your engagement had been performed. Should my apprehension be just, I pray you to set about the work forthwith and that you will send both original & copy by Dr. B [Bollman] in case you should not come out with him . . . "

New York, July 28, 1815, again Burr wrote to Vanderlyn at Paris: " . . . I am weary of hearing that you are coming & shall not believe it untill you do actually *come* . . . Pay Captain Skinner half your passage & I will pay the rest on your arrival. If you should not come, send by Skinner the copy you have made of Theodosia's picture—I would not trust the original and copy by the same ship unless you should come yourself."

From the ambiguity of Burr's entries in his diary, between Dec. 15, 1810, and July 17, 1811, one might think it possible that another copy of Vanderlyn's 1802 painting remained in Paris, and became the property of Madame Fenwick, but a perusal of Governor Alston's letter, reproduced under the 1811 portrait of Theodosia, would correct this impression. Burr also had the 1802 portrait enamelled in miniature for a watch cover. The following entries bear upon both the portrait and the watch; then strangely omit all reference to similar enamelled medallions applied to china cups which passed, and still belong, to the Breckenridges, one of which was mentioned in Burr's will, and to another medallion mentioned by Governor Alston in his letter of Feb. 16, 1816.

February, 1810, Burr reproaches Vanderlyn as lazy and irritable, and states that after five months a promised copy of this portrait was not started. Mch. 1, 1810, he left with Vanderlyn Theodosia's painting "to be put in the hands of an engraver," i. e. probably an enameller. Apr. 22, 1810. Evidently Vanderlyn had commenced to copy his 1802 portrait of Theodosia, for Burr notes "Your picture goes on slowly." Sept. 28, 1810. "Vanderlyn has become a little lazy. He promised me a copy of your picture which has been in his hands for the purpose now five months. For the last four he has not touched it."

Paris, Dec. 15, 1810. "To Vanderlyn's to get him to send your picture to Madame Fenwicks.

Dec. 16, 1810. "Vanderlyn has not sent the picture to Fenwick. The lazy dog; but he is about to model your head en platre, which if he does shall forgive him many sins."

Dec. 17, 1810. "To Madame Fenwicks. Your picture was there and you were the principal topic. She thinks it worth a voyage to America to see you, and I told her I had written you that it was worth a voyage to France to see her."

Jan. 15, 1811. The replica was still in Vanderlyn's possession, for Burr enters in his diary "—called on Hahn having engaged to walk with him to Vanderlyn's at this hour. Put off that walk. Madame the business is to show him your portrait and to know for how much I can have it enamelled on a watch. Also that of Gamp to enamel on another watch, to replace the lost l'Epine."

Jan. 20, 1811. "At half past nine to Hahn's whom I took with me to Vanderlyn's to look at your picture, and estimate the expense of an enamelled copy in minature to be put on a watch which I design for Gamp, so soon as I get possession of my fortune."

Paris, June 22, 1822. . . . to Vanderlyn's; he has neglected your enamelled watch, and the picture is not yet finished by the enameller.

June 25, 1811. Walked to Vanderlyn's who was busy with his beautiful model who consented that I should assist and in I came. At three took Vanderlyn to the enameller's. He will make a horrid thing and I fear you will be little pleased, except with my endeavours to please you.

July 17, 1811. "took him [Vanderlyn] with me to the enamellers to see your watch. The copy of Fenwick's picture is nearly done. Am to have it Monday morning."

Further allusions to this enamelled watch, as well as others, are carried on in the chapter on Burr's Watches.

The 1802 portrait of Theodosia by Vanderlyn was first engraved as a frontispiece for Matthew L. Davis' second volume of the *Memoirs of Aaron Burr*, issued in 1837, by G. Parker, and again, in 1858, by H. Wright Smith for J. Parton's *Life and Times Of Aaron Burr*. And it has been in common usage ever since.

The 1811 Vanderlyn Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr Alston

THERE is a portrait of Theodosia, in my possession, which I believe was painted in 1811, by Vanderlyn. Next to the 1802 portrait of her, this is the finest and most artistic representation of her features extant, and is beyond doubt the most astonishing reproduction in progeny of parental features ever recorded. It is Burr himself at his zenith. In the *Catalogue of the Celebrated Dr. William H. Crimm Collection of Genuine Antiques*, sold in Baltimore, Maryland, in April, 1903, it was described under Lot 787, as *Portrait Supposed to be Theodosia Burr. Artist unknown.* It was purchased by Henry Alloway, Esq., of Goshen, New York, for sixteen dollars, my own agent not having arrived early enough to secure it. Most of the bidders at the sale were in pursuit of mahogany and household decorations, and it was overlooked. Before leaving Baltimore, Mr. Alloway had the satisfaction of having the correctness of his purchase confirmed by members of the Burr and Edwards families, who unsuccessfully contended for its repurchase, and perhaps had the greater satisfaction of, a few years later, passing it to me for as many hundreds as he had paid dollars. An inquiry addressed to the auctioneer, or an announcement from the rostrum, gave its provenance as the Alston family, of South Carolina. In investigating the origin of the Vanderlyn portrait of Colonel Burr, in the possession of the New York Historical Society, I tried to establish the presence of Vanderlyn in this country in 1809. If this contention is proven, it would have been possible for Vanderlyn to have painted this portrait in that year, failing which, we must deduce that Vanderlyn visited America in 1811. Theodosia was in New York from Oct. 31, 1808, to Feb. 19, 1809. She was ill in November, 1808, but better, if not well, in March, 1809. Moderate sickness would have been no bar, but rather an incentive to sitting, hence if Vanderlyn was here in 1809, it could well have been done at that time, though again I repeat the margin of safety in time is small as argued in the chapters on the Vandyck and the New York Historical Society's portrait of her father. The presumption that Vanderlyn may have visited America in 1811, and that the painting of Theodosia may have been painted that year, rests upon certain allusions in Burr's diary:

Paris, April 1, 1811, he writes to Theodosia . . . "know that Vanderlyn will sail for the United States some time in May. By him you shall know everything, and by him you shall have your books."

Vanderlyn, apparently, did not sail in May, for Burr, on July 11, 1811, writes: "The letters of Gamp [his grandson] have not come. They will come, however, for I will ransack all Europe for them. By Vanderlyn will write him."

So late as Aug. 7, 1811, Burr wrote Vanderlyn from Amsterdam: . . . "If you could leave Paris within forty-eight hours after having this, there is no doubt you would be in time for the

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON 1811 JOHN VANDERLYN

Dr. John E. Stillwell

Vigilant, and there is now plenty of room for all, the French and the Dutch passengers, thrown out by some new imperial order. If you come not, I insist on your finishing further Theodosia's picture in your best manner. Adieu. A. B." (From letters found among the papers of the Malloy family of Kingston, New York, which were originally given to Dominie Robert L. Goosman, of Kingston, by Vanderlyn at the time of his death in 1853. They were published in the New York Sunday World in 1903.)

After this date I find Burr making no further allusion to Vanderlyn, and it well may be that he had sailed to America.

Nothing would have been more natural than that Governor Alston should wish for a portrait of his wife, and that this one was especially painted for him, whether it was done in 1809 or in 1811, I feel quite assured. It became an Alston possession, and so remained until it was secured by Dr. Crimm. Other Burr portraits perhaps passed to the Alstons. Theodosia's father wrote, April 5, 1802, "I have ordered Vanderlyn to send you, from New York, both his and Stuart's picture of A. Burr. . . . I have also desired that my beautiful little bust of Bonaparte be sent to Mrs. William Alston." If these portraits ever were sent they were later returned, for the subsequent history of both portraits is known; the bust, if it ever reached its destination, is now unknown to me. But other portraits of Colonel Burr were, perhaps, possessed by his daughter, and if so, may have remained with the Alstons, perhaps to be destroyed during the Civil War.

Governor Joseph Alston, severely ailing before his wife's death, and further crushed by her tragic removal, died Sept. 10, 1816. Feb. 16, preceding this event, he wrote to Colonel Burr: "Vanderlyn, I perceive from the papers, has returned to New York. Nothing, I trust, has prevented him from bringing back the portrait [of Theodosia] you left with him. Let me again entreat you to use your influence with him in procuring me a good copy. I received some days since, through the kindness of Mrs. John B. Prevost, a miniature, which appears to have been taken from Vanderlyn's portrait. The execution is good, but in expression it is by no means equal to the portrait." It was probably one of the enamelled medallions.

I doubt whether Governor Alston had his wish complied with, so far as Theodosia's portrait was concerned, for Vanderlyn was overworked, and he, Alston, died too soon thereafter. A few weeks following his demise, his brother, William A. Alston, wrote to Colonel Burr that his son-in-law, Governor Alston, had cancelled, in his will, all demands that he had against him, and sought from Colonel Burr instructions how to send a certain trunk to him containing, his late brother said, things that belonged to your daughter Theodosia, and which "he never had the courage to open;" and to complete the disposal of her estate a certain collection of other articles, probably personal attire, was to be sent to the eldest daughter of Mr. J. B. Prevost.

This likeness of Theodosia Burr is most striking. She is painted in profile, her prominent forehead and piercing dark eye being the most outstanding features. Her abundant auburn hair curls loosely upon her temple and is massed above and behind her head. Her ear and jowl are heavy, her nose nearly Grecian, and her upper lip short and bowed. Her dress is cut V shaped at the neck, and edged with lace which merges into a standing lace collar of double thickness. The resemblance of this portrait to the 1802 portrait, of her father, Colonel Burr, by Vanderlyn, is truly remarkable.

The Biays Crayon Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr

DOCTOR LEAMING, of New York City, an able lung specialist, when I was a youth in the practice of medicine, was beloved by everyone because of his kindness. I was too young to know him well, but he collected art of every description, some of considerable mediocrity. The dear old Doctor had a fondness for scrubbing, with solvents, the surfaces of his newly acquired paintings always hoping that a later might cover an earlier painting, perhaps a masterpiece. Many canvases came to an end, but not his enthusiasm, that endured until his gentle soul passed on. Then followed the dispersal of his goods. Among the articles sold was a pastel portrait of Theodosia Burr. Of antecedent history it had none. Nor has subsequent effort added anything to its history.

It represents Theodosia Burr done in profile, in crayon, at breast length, with her characteristic features: the lobe of a large ear, hazel eyes, heavy chin and jowls, with rather bowed lips, nearly Grecian nose, and a superabundance of curly hair falling in mass upon too heavy a neck, but a type-arrangement nevertheless of that period. It is Theodosia Burr done by an earnest though not brilliant artist, one who gives us a pleasing rather than a great portrait. His draughtsmanship is competent though not distinguished, and his colors, slightly mellowed by time, are still fresh and well preserved. It is to be regretted that the photograph from which the reproduction is made is so bad that injustice is done the original, but it was the best obtainable from a local photographer. The present owner of the portrait is Mrs. Lalla Biays, Hooks Mill, Hancock, Maryland, who has kindly consented to its reproduction.

THEODOSIA BURR UNKNOWN ARTIST

Mrs. Lalla Biays

The Nag's Head Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr Alston

AGONIZED by the death of her only child, broken in health and anxious to meet her beloved father, Theodosia, with the approval of her husband, sailed from Georgetown, South Carolina, for New York, Dec. 30, 1812, on the pilot boat *Patriot*. She never reached her destination. Burr and his immediate family, as well as Governor Alston and his family, believed that the ship foundered off Cape Hatteras, in the severe storm which arose January 1, 1813, and that all on board were lost. The romantic and the credulous attributed the ship's non arrival to destruction by pirates, then infesting the Southern Atlantic waters; while others hoped that *The Patriot* had surrendered to a British man-of-war and that Theodosia might be temporarily a prisoner. This hope was soon abandoned, but the pirate rumor remained, insistent yet unproven. From time to time it received accentuation by the confessions of dying pirates. Of low mentality, aged, sick and fear stricken they aroused the sympathy of the good and the kind by death bed repentance, and told circumstantial stories of Theodosia's death by walking the plank, following the surrender of *The Patriot* to pirates. Pidgin, in his *Theodosia*, gives these statements at length and I abridge what he and his contributors say in the following *resumé:* (1) in 1833, twenty years after the event, a pirate dying in Mobile, told his physician, who told a respectable merchant, that it was he who placed the plank and forced Theodosia to walk it; (2) Dominique You, apparently a primitive brute of colossal size, in melodramatic language, confessed to Dr. Rhineberg, that on Jan. 3, 1813, he and his crew of pirates boarded *The Patriot*, off of Cape Hatteras, which was dismantled by a recent storm, slaughtered and threw over the crew, saved Theodosia from bodily assault, but in conformity to his piratical oath, ordered her to her death by walking the plank. When the confession is finished you are convinced that either Dominique or the doctor was a scholar, or more; (3) in 1850, thirty-seven years after the event, Benjamin Franklin Burdick, an aged sailor, in the Cass County Poor House, at Cassiopolis, Michigan, confessed to Mrs. Parks, the wife of a Methodist minister, that he was the pirate who tipped the plank that *Odessa* Burr Alston was forced to walk; (4 and 5) two criminals, executed in Norfolk, Virginia, confessed to being among the crew who boarded *The Patriot* and forced Theodosia to walk the plank; (6) a sailor dying in Texas confessed that he was one of the crew of pirates who participated in the death of Theodosia and (7) lastly there was Babe, an admitted pirate and suspect, who had a temporary residence in the New York Tombs, but who really conceded nothing. By this time the crew is pretty well accounted for. How much of truth and how much of criminal morbidity occurs in their statements it is impossible to determine, but I should feel reluctant to accept any of them as the death certificate of Theodosia Burr. But at this juncture there is injected into the situation a

much more serious and stronger claim for piracy. Apparently there were two sets of pirates in 1813, the buccaneers or highwaymen of the sea, of which the foregoing were some, and another group which operated on or close to the shore ostensibly as fishermen, but who were really land pirates. They occupied the sand bars that fence the coast of North Carolina from the Atlantic Ocean and were locally known as bankers. "The banker of one hundred years ago was almost a barbarian . . . his savage instincts induced him to use every means to lure vessels ashore for purposes of plunder. And when a wreck occurred, the wreckers held high carnival. The sparse population turned out *en masse*, and with demoniac yells murdered without remorse the helpless victims who escaped the raging surf,"(Betty F. Pool); and while today they have vastly improved, they remain "an unprincipaled people, piratical, superstitious, uncleanly and ignorant." Whether *The Patriot* simply foundered during the violent January gale of 1813, or whether she succumbed to the attack of buccaneers or whether "the bankers" or land pirates completed what the gale or sea pirates started, may remain a matter of speculation, but there is interwoven with her loss the history of a stranded vessel from which was recovered the portrait of an attractive young woman supposedly Theodosia Burr Alston.

In 1869, Dr. William Gaskins Pool, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, was called in a professional capacity to see Mrs. Mann, a woman approximately seventy years of age, who resided at Nag's Head or Kittyhawk, Cape Hatteras. Mrs. Mann was a poor, suspicious, sullen soul who developed a sense of gratitude for the doctor's medical attention and paid him by the gift of a portrait which was practically the sole ornament, and the only thing of value that adorned her dirty house, built from the timbers of wrecks, thatched with reeds and oakum. It represented a young and beautiful woman with hair tinged with auburn, piercing black eyes, pink cheeks and red lips, dressed in a white gown cut square at the neck, painted upon a panel, whose dimensions are variously given as 12 x 18 inches, 18 x 20 inches and 27 x 30 inches, which according to a later allusion was, during Dr. Pool's ownership, slightly damaged by fire in the destruction of his mansion at Eyrie. Dr. Pool extracted from Mrs. Mann the following statement which he never felt sure was the whole story nor the exact truth. When about sixteen years of age she became the common law wife of Joseph Tillett, a young fisherman, and a leader among his fellow men. During his wooing he presented her with this painting, two black home spun silk dresses, made with low bodices, short sleeves and full skirts, apparel for a gentlewoman of small physique, and a lace head covering, which was his share of the salvage of a small pilot boat which he and his companions, just at dawn, descried driving straight towards Nag's Head, with rudder set and sails drawing. After she struck, they boarded her but could not ascertain her identity. From certain concomitant facts, the date was deduced as January, 1813. From what he heard, Dr. Pool had no occasion to suspect Tillett and his associates were the pirates who boarded *The Patriot* and murdered her crew and passenger, but it seemed at least possible that Tillett knew more than he chose to tell his future wife, and that she knew more than what she told to Dr. Pool. Enough was given him, however, to arouse in his mind the suspicion that the pilot boat may have been *The Patriot*, and the portrait that of Theodosia Burr Alston. His assumptions rested upon the tallying dates of the appearance of the wreck and the disappearance of the woman; upon the finding of a portrait of a woman of Theodosia's age in this wreck of a pilot boat; of accompanying cloth-

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON — UNKNOWN ARTIST

Mr. Herbert L. Pratt

ing fit for a lady of Theodosia's station and figure, and that the loss of no boat or lady of distinction was known at this date other than *The Patriot* and Theodosia Burr Alston.

Conceding there is a strong probability that the boat was *The Pilot* and its passenger Theodosia, there still remains to be solved the method of its destruction and the manner of her death. The proof of sea piracy, based upon the confessions of a lot of dying miscreants, raises skepticism to a high level, yet piracy did exist, and walking the plank was a common means of death, and it is only from the mouths of such boastful or penitent rascals that evidence is procurable. The statements of the verminous bankers are, to say the least, fantastic. As a rule pirates burned, scuttled or abandoned less desirable boats than their own. A set table, set sails and lashed helm savor of fiction; a painting and books were undesirable and might be left, but silks and plate would hardly be overlooked. Not a soul on board and the vessel looted might as readily be the work of land pirates as of sea pirates and the former may have finished *what the elements and not men had started.* And to this I incline. And credence must be given to the Admiral in command of the British fleet off the Capes, to whom a letter was addressed by Governor Alston, asking for a safe conduct for his wife, because of her misfortunes and mission, who stated the letter was received by him and the request promptly granted, but that a very violent storm arose during the night and the fleet was scattered and doubtless the pilot boat and all on board were lost. There are too many possibilities for any one to speak with finality, and a haze too inpenetrable for speculation to fathom remains to enshroud the manner of the death of Theodosia Burr Alston.

Does the same degree of uncertainty envelope the Nag's Head portrait? Nothing would have been more natural than for such a daughter, separated from such a father, to have had painted for him a portrait of herself. Nothing could have been more appropriate nor likely to be more highly prized than a portrait to be left as a souvenir of a brief visit. Inspiration is proven. Local talent, the best available no doubt, was requisitioned. The work must have been executed in the Spring of 1812, when approaching her twenty-ninth year, and prior to the death of her boy (June 30, 1812), for from that time she sank into such a state of apathy that any thought of the portrayal of her sick forlorn body would never have occurred to her, nor would an act so mundane have appealed to her. If the creation of this portrait was ever known to Burr it was given no further thought for, naturally, he would consider it lost—lost with his valuable papers and his priceless child. If only the inhospitable shores of North Carolina could have surrendered to him this one thing to soften the agony of that long separation! So far I have assumed that the Nag's Head portrait represents Theodosia despite the fact that neither on books, papers nor plate is there known to have been found the initials or names of Burr or Alston. Is the assumption sustained? I think so. For fifty-six years it hung in a hovel during which time those who had known her intimately, and whose identification would have been dependable, passed away and the attribution must now rest upon inherent evidence and comparative analysis. No one but a student of portraiture realizes how difficult such deductions are, how wavering such opinions are and how hesitatingly conclusions are reached. The variety of expression that different artists give the same subject, the changes that years bring, the different angles, poise, dress, technic, palette, etc., that enter into the composition of a painting have all to be weighed. The resemblance of consanguinity which has been claimed,

I look upon as chance rather than an expression of heredity, especially when the kinship used for comparison is so far removed as fourth and fifth cousins. The essential features of resemblance in the Nag's Head portrait to the known characteristics of Theodosia's features lie in (1) the apparent age of twenty-eight; (2) the piercing dark eyes; (3) the hair touched with auburn; (4) the dress cut square at the neck; (5) a certain heaviness of the jowls; (6) a rather short nose; (7) a large ear, and while the general massiveness of feature, the want of delicacy and plasticity in the modelling and the squareness of the face, detract from the beauty of the portrait, they may readily be the results of inferior workmanship or needed restorations. Vanderlyn probably arrived in America in July, 1811, and must have visited The Oaks, Governor Alston's South Carolina home, where he painted another portrait of Theodosia which rivals, in excellence and beauty, the one of her that he painted in 1802, which he and the world have pronounced so masterly. By comparison with the 1811 portrait the Nag's Head portrait falls mightily, but the inferiority and differences may be explained away when one admits the impossibility of contrasting a profile and a full face, and concedes that Vanderlyn's conception and brush were as mighty as the other artists' conception and brush were puny and immature. Why was this superb (1811) work of Vanderlyn withheld from her father and the inferior one (the Nag's Head) substituted no doubt will be quickly asked. The answer is as quickly given—it was not hers to give; it belonged to a loving husband, fatally sick, and recently bereft of his only child and now about to part with his wife. What would be more natural than for him, the husband, to cling to this wondrous likeness! And thus it (1811) remained among the Alstons in the South, with Burr, the father, caressing the portrait of his beloved Theodosia (painted in 1802), so long the companion of his travels and the pride of his heart. With the internal evidence and its history, I think the Nag's Head portrait may safely be accepted as the last portrayal of the features of that remarkable woman, *the greatest of her sex*, Theodosia Burr Alston.

Upon the death of Dr. Pool, the portrait became the property of his daughter, Anna L. Pool, wife of John Pool Overman, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. In time it became the property of the Fifth Avenue, New York City, art dealer William Macbeth, who sold it, in 1913, to Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, of New York City, in whose possession, in 1928, it remains.

THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON *Posthumous* JOHN VANDERLYN

Dr. John E. Stillwell

Vanderlyn's Unfinished Portrait

Of

Theodosia Burr Alston

FROM (1) the maturity of the features, (2) its unfinished state, (3) the artist's well known admiration for the deceased, and (4) the unshakable conviction of the Misses Vanderlyn, from whom I directly bought the portrait, in 1882, that it was the work of their uncle John Vanderlyn and a portrait of Theodosia Burr Alston, the only conclusion that may be drawn is that it represents a posthumous creation. Her tragic death and his attachment would readily prompt such an idealization. From 1811, when he had last seen her, until his return to America in 1815, was a period of only four years, and his recollection of her features could not have been materially diminished. He elected to paint her full face rather than essay the easier profile, and it may readily be that it was through dissatisfaction with his results that he left the work unfinished, yet it is the common habit of all artists to finish a head completely and leave the accessories incomplete, when the portrait is to remain a studio possession. That it was to abide with him I have small doubt.

As the Nag's Head portrait is a full face, painted likewise at the end of her life, it is used here for comparison. Vanderlyn has painted his subject with a shapely oval face while the Nag's Head portrait has a face which is distinctly square; his treatment of the hair and the dress with its short waist, still savors of the Empire, while the Nag's Head portrait has a dress and hair of a distinctly late feeling, especially the hair. In the eyes, the nose and the mouth the two resemble each other, but I am frank to admit that the attribution of the Nag's Head portrait is better sustained than this posthumous portrait by comparisons with established portraits of Theodosia. Perhaps the differences are due to the fact that one is a real portrait from life while the other is an ideal portrait formed in loving conception of Theodosia as she appeared to the mind of the limner who was her all time devoted admirer.

To describe a finished portrait that gives a fairly good likeness is difficult; to describe satisfactorily an unfinished portrait is well nigh impossible. The Vanderlyn posthumous portrait of Theodosia is regretably, most regrettably, unfinished. Had it have been brought to completion, it would have been a *chef d'oeuvre*. The white dress with its high waist line and low cut neck and loosely draped mantle, showing the body rotated forward to the left at half length, the graceful inclines of the neck and shoulders, and the charming poise of the head make a satisfying composition. The head following the movement of the body, shows an exquisitely drawn oval face, a straight nose, a medium size mouth, large, dark brown eyes and hair with a mid-part drawn tightly to the head and elevated at the rear. The expression of her face, if it be not sad, is contemplative. It recalls the style of the Frenchman, David, and bears a resemblance to the sisters of the first Napoleon—a beautiful woman, painted *con amore*.

On canvas. Size 26 inches high by 22 inches wide.

Colonel Burr's Natural Children

And

The Burr Divorce

IT HAS always been conceded that Burr was a faithful and devoted husband to his first wife. The death of this lady, Theodosia, widow of Colonel James Marcus Prevost, and the daughter of Theosodius Bartow by his wife Ann Stillwell, occurred in 1794, after a union with Burr of twelve years. It relieved Burr of marital restraints. He was then thirty-eight years of age and possessed of great mental and physical vigor, qualities he retained forty years longer. When he was nearly an octogenerian, he made a marriage of convenience with the widow of Stephen Jumel, who courted him assiduously and finally bagged him. Bagged is the only word for it. Philip Hone in his diary ironically wrote: "Wednesday July 3rd, 1833. The celebrated Colonel Aaron Burr was married on Monday evening to the equally celebrated Mrs. Jumel, widow of Stephen Jumel. It is benevolent in her to keep the old man in his latter days. One good turn deserves another." This lady with an antecedent history of lax morals, was overbearing and domineering beyond human endurance and was called a devil incarnate. She soon tired of her new husband because of his extravagance in money affairs and because he had proved a disappointment. She had gotten his name, but that was all she got. They soon split and despite the assertions of his friends that he had become a helpless paralytic, she nevertheless proceeded to divorce him, alleging statutory grounds. The adultery was falsely proven and an absolute divorce was granted her July 8th, 1836. Though she surrendered her late husband's name, and was again styled Mme. Jumel, she still set such store upon it and his title, that she resumed it when she sought aggrandizement in Europe, where she plumed herself as Madame, Widow of the Late Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, formerly Madame Jumel.

The interval between Burr's marriages was nearly forty years, during which he had many amours; feminine attentions to him may have diminished, but they never ceased; the impaired attractions of his old age must have been overcome by his gallantry and personal magnetism, for he was active until near the last. There was no boasting or hypocrisy about him, and he was man enough to assume the paternal care of children born to him at home and abroad. Such were the morals and the manners of many of his time. He was no worse nor better than his contemporaries; no worse nor better than the men of today who cover their tracks through the vastness of this realm and by crime. Men and morals never change.

While not proven, it is quite generally believed that Col. Burr was the father of one of the Presidents of the United States. As in similar cases, the individual stood out in mental qualities and poise from all of his immediate kindred; he was intimate with Burr and his politics were those of Burr, and there had been opportunity. I do not know, however, that Burr ever recognized him as a son. Not so, however, with Aaron Columbus Burr, who, when a young

man was shipped from France to this country, labeled Aaron, in proof of his paternity, and Columbus in proof of his American origin. Col. Burr promptly befriended him, educated him and was one of the three men who signed his apprenticeship papers to a jeweler. This contract, the Colonel's snuff box, a lock of his hair and a letter to Helena Lewis, his daughter Theodosia's small scissors, and Joseph Alston's card plate, all intimate belongings of Col. Burr, became the property of Aaron Columbus Burr, and passed to his son, Hip Burr upon his (Aaron Columbus Burr's) death at No. 30 West 129th Street, New York City, in July, 1882, at the age of seventy-four. Aaron Columbus Burr's title to these effects was probably derived from being host to Col. Burr, in the interval between his rupture with Madam Jumel and his last illness; in other words the Colonel probably simply left them behind, temporarily, as he may have thought, when he withdrew to Staten Island. That he did sojourn with Aaron Columbus Burr in 1834-5, at 129 Bowery, is uncontrovertibly proven by reference to the City Directory of that date and the testimony of Dunlap, who in his Diary, under date of June 18, 1834, narrates that he was accosted in the street by Mme. Jumel, who recited her grievances to him and in answer to his query where does Colonel Burr reside now, replied: with a silversmith in the Bowery of the name of Burr, young Aaron Burr . . . "What confidence can be placed in the words of such a woman it is hard to say, but Burr's marrying her makes anything told of him credible." *William Dunlap's Manuscript Diary, New York Historical Society.* The next year father and son had separated. Col. Burr was very ill and had been taken by his relative, Judge Ogden Edwards, to the Port Richmond Hotel, Staten Island, run by Daniel Winant, where it is entered in the ledger: "June 15, 1836, Colonel Aaron Burr commenced board."

More convincing of this intimacy between father and son is the fact that Aaron Columbus Burr became the owner, in similar fashion as before, of the small water color portrait of Colonel Burr by Henry Inman, the small Vandyck portrait of Colonel Burr, and probably the small (1809) Vanderlyn portrait of Colonel Burr now in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

Col. Burr had no reason to be ashamed of his son, Aaron Columbus Burr—the boot was on the other leg if there was any misfit. He became a respected citizen of New York, and made a fortune in his jewelry business and as a dealer in tropical woods and real estate. Despite the later day statement of his family that he was an adopted son of Col. Burr, the fact remains that "young Aaron Burr," as he was called, was, by his own admissions, an illegitimate son of Col. Burr by a member of the De Lisle family. He possessed several well painted cabinet portraits of individuals of social distinction and refinement, one of which he admitted was his mother.

In a letter dated Paris, May 17, 1810, addressed to Madame—Burr alludes to "your two pictures and that of L; the latter I leave with Madame Pelough, Rue du Croissant, N° 7, sealed up and addressed to you and subject to your order. The others you must allow me to keep for the present. If your child should grow up and survive you, it may demand one; the finished one. It will be found in the hands of Theodosia," etc. I am disposed to believe this reference is to the mother of Aaron Columbus Burr.

The two following entries may possibly refer to the De Lisle family:

Feb. 9, 1811. "Thinking of ways and means, took that beautiful picture of Caroline, and desired Mr. A. to pledge it for what he could get. It cost fifty guineas, and I doubt whether he will get five on it . . . "

Feb. 11, 1811. "What do you think they had the conscience to offer for Caroline's picture? but I may as well tell you, for you'd never guess; eighteen francs, about three dollars and a half. So took it back," etc., etc.

Aaron Columbus Burr married two estimable ladies; first, Polly Snethen, the widow of Mr. Coutant, of New Rochelle, a lady seventeen years his senior, by whom he had his only child—a son, Hippolyte Burr, who died, unmarried, when aged about fifty years; second, Amelia Middleton, who survived him and died Dec. 15, 1886, in her seventy-first year. There being no further descendants, the remaining Burr effects passed to a niece of Aaron Columbus Burr's second wife.

Two other natural children of Col. Burr are known. Whether because of fondness or justice, he made specific allusion to them in his will, dated Jan. 11, 1835:

Second—I give to my two daughters known by the names of Frances Ann, aged about six years, now residing with Mrs. Frances Watson, and under the immediate care of her daughter Mrs. Sarah Minthorne Tompkins; the other daughter, named Elizabeth being about the age of two years and now residing with Mrs. Guaynetta Conklin both well known to Henry O. Taylor, all the rest and residue of my personal estate, etc., etc. And Dec. 27, 1835—Further I direct and order my pictures to be given to my two daughters on the day of their marriage in the meantime to be in the custody of my friend and kinsman Theodosia Prevost by whom the division is to be made . . . Item. I give to my friend and kinsman Theodosia Prevost the picture of my daughter which is enamelled on a China Cup which is believed to be in the upper drawer of my yellow desk."

In the Spring of 1882, Mrs. Tompkins was located at Tarrytown, N. Y., through her son Capt. Minthorne Tompkins, of New York City. She informed me that Oscar Taylor, the witness to and legatee under Burr's will, succumbed to tuberculosis shortly after Col. Burr died; that Elizabeth, the daughter of Col. Burr, died young; that Frances A. Burr, his other daughter, was the child of a lady of thirty-five or forty years of age, who was probably a resident of Albany, New York, and who was visited by Quakers. She, the mother, was ill at Mrs. Tompkin's house; her name remains unknown and her last visit to her daughter was when the child was two years old. Frances Burr grew up a good looking, sweet dispositioned and accomplished lady and received her education at Miss Haines' school, in Gramercy Park. She married Levi P. Leach and died about 1879, leaving two sons, Aaron Burr Leach, aged about twenty-six years, in 1882, and Stanley Prevost Leach, aged about twenty-four years, in 1882. Mr. Leach survived his wife and taught school at Pearl River, Rockland County, New York. It was his wife, Frances, who erected the monument over Col. Burr's grave. What paintings Burr left I have never ascertained; nor do I know positively that Mrs. Leach ever received any. Mrs. Tompkins did, however, tell me that Mr. Leach had an unfinished portrait of Burr, similar to Vanderlyn's profile, which he considered was the work of that artist and which he

bought for about $100., in a second hand shop. It was from Mrs. Tompkins that I obtained the address of Col. William Dusenbury Craft, Burr's last law partner, who supplied me with much interesting information which will appear elsewhere. My effort to correspond with Mr. Leach was unsuccessful. I have been told that one of his sons recently came to a tragic end in a town not far distant from Pearl River.

Burr's was a life of mistakes and the greatest one of them all was his marriage to a prostitute for his keep. Extenuation lies in his age and his needs. Dress him up and grace him as you will he was a rag of the man he once was, more to be pitied than decried. Eliza Bowen Jumel was not a woman of reputable amours, but one of a family of professional prostitutes with an unquenchable sex appetite. Nothing she says can be believed. Touch as lightly as you will upon the divorce proceedings which separated the Burrs, and a dirty, revolting tale unfolds. There are three classes in this world—purists, intermediates and others. To the first, holding fast to antiquated religious standards, no latitude in so called illicit intercourse is permissable; to the second it is debatable whether it is wrong to nullify normality in mankind, and to the third sex indulgence is simply hypocrisy disrobed. The sinners are in the majority and neither church nor state has ever been able to restrain what Nature has so strongly implanted. Burr was one of the sinners. In his Diary he wrote "Four francs for a prostitute and brandy; two for benevolence." The brandy must have gone to his head. Whatever his amours were they were not highway activities and he was as free from cant as he was from brag, and this entry was doubtless solely for his private eye. The defiance of decency lies in its previous publication.

Burr's marriage to Mme. Jumel was brought to a summary close at the end of three months. They had married July 1, 1833, and in October or November following the Colonel walked out of her house. Each charged the other with bedevilment. She tried to patch up their differences and reunite but failed; and then the fury of a woman scorned resulted in a suit for an absolute divorce. It was started in Chancery by Eliza B. Burr July 12, 1834. Burr's legal friends rallied to his support and the eminent Charles O'Connor qualified as his counsel. Madame fired the first gun, charging that her husband had violated his marriage contract a few weeks after their union, by having an affair in August, 1833, with a certain female, Jane McManus, in a certain house in Jersey City, "and committing adultery at divers times with divers females whose names are yet unknown," and that he was threatening to sell and dispose of his life interest in her real estate and was proceeding to waste and expend the remainder of her personal estate and pay his personal debts contracted before their marriage, therewith.

Burr entered a general denial and countercharged that he left her house because of her "violent and ferocious temper" and "because she behaved in a manner most undutiful, disobedient and insulting and particularly at a time when this defendant was in a very low state of health and not expected to survive" and "avers he was credibly informed and believes it to be true and expects to so prove that the complainant hath committed adultery with one or more persons;" he further justified his sale of her property and the disbursements attached thereto and defends his rights in her very large, varied and valuable estate. It would have been

well if both had stopped here, but recriminations followed. Burr amplified his statements concerning her adulterous relations and declared that *as yet* he had discovered the names of only four of her paramours, to wit: William B. Parsons, Robert Coveny and another believed to be James Somers, formerly in her employ, and one Lawrence, christian name unknown. Later in a petition to the Vice Chancellor he asked to be allowed to amend his answer so as to include in the list four more individuals: Charles Parry, Patrick Delehanty, Charles Saunders and a Mr. Connor, alleging "that ever since the commencement of the suit he had been confined to his chamber from ill health, except on one or two occasions when he had for not more than one hour at each time with great difficulty gone abroad," owing to which he had embarrassment and difficulty in conducting the defence. It is appalling to think to what possible size the list might have grown had his activities not been restrained by sickness. Mme. Burr came back at him furiously and made a sweeping denial of every accusation and charged that his statements were false in every particular and were fabricated for wicked and corrupt purposes; that Robert Coverney was simply a servant in her employ during 1833, whom she discharged for intoxication and that he had unsuccessfully sued her for wages, since which he had been hostile and slanderous and was helped thereto by Aaron Burr's money, and as for James Somers or Saunders, also Charles Saunders, and Mr. Connor, she had never heard of them. William B. Parsons swore he had not been on friendly terms with her for eight years, and Patrick Delehanty swore that he was simply her coachman for seven months and saw nothing to lead him to believe or suspect her of unchastity. Three inferior people, raised in her own family, testified to her good character. And so the white washing went on. Not content, however, with such clearance and still stung to madness by his impeachment, the virtuous beldame, still aflame with hatred, lost control of herself and wildly proclaimed "as to the allegation contained in said petition that the said defendant had not cohabited with this deponent since the time therein specified, this deponent saith that shortly after marriage with said Aaron Burr his lewd and polluted habits became so manifest to the deponent, that for the protection of her health and reputation she was compelled to decline all association with him." With a wealth of accumulated wisdom she was certainly competent to express herself upon this subject, but her vulgar frankness makes the truth of her evidence questionable. The litigation which for a time was so vigorously contested by both parties now dragged. The defence was crippled. Burr was sick and they could not proceed. Counsel had no means at hand to refute the charges of perjury and subornation of perjury and the Vice-Chancellor, upon the evidence submitted, held that the complainant had proven that there was not the least truth in the recriminatory charges which were set on foot for the worst of motives, and referred the case to Philo B. Ruggles, Master in Chancery, who took the testimony of Maria Johnson, of Newark, one time servant of Mme. Jumel, who, like her son, Colonel Craft asserted, was half witted. Under oath she said "that in the first week in August in the year 1833 she saw the above named defendant, Aaron Burr, in bed with Jane McManus at a house in Jersey City. This was in the evening of Friday of that week.

This deponent further saith that on the Saturday of the same week she saw the said Aaron Burr in the act of committing adultery with the said Jane McManus. This was at the house of Aaron Burr in Jersey City. The said adultery was committed by them on a settee in

the back room of the first floor of this house. Deponent saw them through the blinds of the window of the room. Deponent turned the blinds, by which means she was able to see them. This was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon."

Cross-Examination by Charles O'Connor.

"I came upstairs to fetch a pitcher of hot water to Col. Burr through the front room and she saw Jane McManus on the settee and Col. Burr had his hand under her clothes and she saw her nakedness. They were sitting and Col. Burr had his trousers down. She saw Jane McManus with her clothes off. Col. Burr with his hand under them and his pantaloons down. She said: 'Oh la! Mercy save us!!!'. They rang the bell accidentally."

Burr swore that her statements were wholly untrue and filed a petition to examine the corespondent, Jane McManus, who in the interval had removed to Matagorda, Texas. The inquiry, however, was never taken for Burr abandoned his defence by a stipulation filed in Court, Oct. 24, 1835, which allowed the original bill to be taken *pro confesso*. It was a voluntary, gracious act of gallantry on his part and he lifted the stigma from her name, as far as he could, by an admission of personal guilt which in this instance, at least, was destitute of truth. He realized he was beaten. Sick and weary of life's long struggle, of what possible avail was it to an octogenarian to attain success! So to fate and Madame he bowed. Two months later he was dead.

The introduction of this lewd story may be in questionable taste but its general acceptance at the time shows the degree of hostility felt towards Burr. He had no saintly past to fall back upon, yet the unbelievable was believed. While the testimony of a well coached half wit, grown to believe in the truth of her own tale, was the ground for the annulment of his marriage, yet no credence was given to the fact that he was too sick a man to rally vigorously to his own defence and that he was paralyzed from his hips down. Even the Vice Chancellor, who had to find for the complainant, fails to show the least sentiment of "justice tempered with mercy," but rather a too ready acceptance of the old saw—"give a dog a bad name and they will hang him."

The Jumel Portraits

TO round out the history of the Burr Portraits I give here the amazing story of Mme. Jumel based upon my personal interviews with Colonel William Dusenbury Craft and upon the printed statements of that careful historian, William Henry Shelton, Esquire, made in his Jumel article in the New York Times, May 13, 1928, and in his History Of The Roger Morris House, at 157th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City. This imposing example of colonial architecture of which he treats is now owned by the Colonial Dames, and is known as the Jumel Mansion. During the Revolutionary War it was the headquarters of Washington at Harlem Heights, and later it became the property and the home of Mme. Jumel wherein was enacted the latter half of her life's ambitions and tragic drama. It was here she married Colonel Burr, a man twenty years her senior. Colonel William Dusenbury Craft, who remembered her well, said she was always a skillful adventuress and a devil in petticoats; a harlot turned respectable in her old age. He probably was right. She led Burr a sorry chase for a short time. That the poor old man should ever have touched her with a pitch fork is astounding; that he should ever have married her is still more amazing, even allowing that all the infirmities and iniquities laid to his door are true. To be sure Mme. Jumel did the courting, not he. After Burr's success in the great Eden case her large yellow-bodied coach, with footmen and outriders, frequently carried her to his residence in Jay Street where he had his law office and where, under pretext of legal guidance, she literally besieged him. The story of reluctance on her part and coercion on his part is a myth; the marriage was deliberately planned by her. "It has been said that across the proceedings toward clearing the way lay the shadow of a crime. If so, it was followed by remorse that steadily developed into insanity." She must have possessed physical attractions in her youth and mental grasp, for despite the fact that her gentleman father was unknown and her mother, though married to a sailor, was a woman of the town of Providence, Rhode Island, and her own early life one of waywardness and immorality, Eliza Bowen attached to herself many of the celebrities of her day who were known, in the limited modern acceptance of the term, as her *friends*. She even made an alliance with Stephen Jumel, a rich though emotional French merchant, of New York City. To be sure this marriage was accomplished by a trick. The story runs that the future Mme. Jumel represented that she was about to die, posed as a penitent Magdalen and sought spiritual rehabilitation in marriage. Proof of her impending dissolution was supplied by an unscrupulous physician and the need and method of her reformation by an acquiescent priest. Then the impetuous Jumel was appealed to, and furthered her salvation by joining her in belated wedlock. Mme. Jumel then made a prompt recovery, and her recently acquired husband, Monsieur Jumel, accommodatingly remained obedient and hypnotized. On the 1st of June, 1815, they sailed for Europe, in the brig *Eliza*, (named for herself), and by a happy revolution of the wheel of fortune, on July 10, she was solicited to be of some anticipated service to Napoleon in the accommodation of

Mde de la Croix 1797 St. Memin

MADAM JUMEL

LITHOGRAPH

MADAM JUMEL HENRY INMAN

Dr. George L. Laporte

members of his staff on her vessel, in exchange for which General Betrand, representing the Emperor whom she never saw, presented her, it is said in the Emperor's name, one of the imperial carriages to which was annexed the Emperor's campaign trunk and his travelling clock. They were more likely discards than gifts, but the imperturbable Eliza, after triumphantly journeying to Paris in the chariot, had the clock dccorated with the following inscription: *A. Mme. E. B. Jumel—Paris—1815—Napoleon*, and thereafter grew large in reflected glory. Her life in Paris was a small riot brought to a summary termination, at the end of fifteen months, by the indiscreet display of her devotion to the dethroned Napoleon. She blazoned his insignia, as modified by herself, (the spread wings of the eagle, a quiver filled with labelled arrows, surmounted by a laurel wreath) upon the panels of her carriage and drove it through the streets of Paris and, still not content, had it executed as a carving for a household ornament. The inevitable followed. The French King Louis XVIII, for this affront, ordered her arrest, imprisonment and expulsion, and the relatively obscure, social American outcast, who had been dissipating, at a furious rate, her husband's fortune in largesse to the impoverished French nobility, was returned (1816) to her own native shores. Washington Heights soon grew monotonous and five years later (1821), with the apparent permission of Louis XVIII, she was again installed in Paris living anew the same luxurious, prodigal life and afloat the highest court functions. Four years of further plunging financially wrecked the indulgent Stephen Jumel and May, 1826, found Madame at home once more to be followed two years later by her husband. "Stephen Jumel reached home an old man, not very welcome, and wholly dependent on his wife, who through a power of attorney, held title to all the property that had been his. He died on May 22, 1832, and his death caused another wave of gossip. He fell from a hay cart, was taken up insensible and bled, after the practice of the doctors of that period. The next morning he was found dead with the bandage off his arm. He had bled to death.

"The only member of his family besides Mme. Jumel, was a child, Mary Marilla Stever. In 1873, after a lapse of forty-one years, Mary Marilla, then Mrs. Mary M. Mumford, was brought from Michigan to testify in a will case. Under oath she stated that she had been sent away before the death of Stephen Jumel. When asked if she went away before he was hurt, she replied: 'I left the house between the time he was hurt and the time when he died.' " Then Burr's marriage took place. It lasted but a short time—a matter of a few months—and ended in his abrupt departure. In the face of the suspicions attending Stephen Jumel's death perhaps it was fortunate for him that the rupture occurred, for with a clamoring marriage instinct, a vaulting ambition for high station and a tottering intellect she could have easily become a reincarnated Lucretia Borgia. She would not then be likcly to allow aught to block her progress. Burr had been dead but a year when "she conceived her most ambitious matrimonial adventure." Prince Louis Napoleon had arrived in Hoboken where he put up at a small tavern too poor to quarter himself in New York City. He was young and an aspirant to the French throne. Here was her chance. Why should she, Mme. Jumel, not share it with him. Familiar with his native tongue and his social set it was easy for her to regale him at a banquet. The acceptance was prompt; the r. s. v. p's were plentiful, but Madame failed to qualify as hostess. In her effort to look beautiful she had used a depilatory on an incipient moustache and chin whiskers with such caustic effect that the pain and swelling, which promptly followed,

put her out of the running; all thoughts of the Prince and the feast were abandoned in the all absorbing search for relief and from future disfigurement. And with that misfortune went her chances for the throne. She concerns us no more. Her punishment was great—she was permitted to live until she reached the age of ninety-two years, during the latter part of which her over toppled intellect had full sway.

Couple what I have written above with what I have written concerning her in the small Chapter on Burr's Natural Children and enough has been said of her faults; virtues she had none.

Her first likeness was made, in 1797, by St. Memin, while she was known as Miss St. Croix. The engraving certainly does not make her a phenomenal beauty; her features are small and her head top heavy with a big chignon. It is reproduced in Dexter's work and is preserved in the various collections of St. Memin engravings.

Her second likeness was made many years later. It occurs in the shape of a large lithograph, which should by common practice, be a copy of an oil painting, but if such a painting ever existed, I have never heard of it. This lithograph was made in Paris, in 1852, just before she went to Rome and sat for the large picture next to be considered. At the bottom of the lithograph is printed: *Madam, Widow of the Late Aaron Burr Vice President of the United States, formerly Madam Jumel.* And it is said that the copy in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, is further inscribed after this title with the words, *the Heroine of New York.* This laudation she had the intelligence to remove from the prints that were circulated in the United States.

This second likeness is a shameless idealization. If there ever was a dissemblance to real life it is here. The house devil appears the street angel. If the statement made in her obituary is correct, that she was born in 1769, she was eighty-three years of age when this lithograph was made, a statement belied by her personal appearance and the fact that octogenarians were little likely to travel to Europe in days when the facilities were much limited. If she were in her ninety-second year, when she died in 1865, she still would be aged seventy-eight at the date of the production of the lithograph. Setting aside these unsatisfying dates, it would be safe to venture that Madam Jumel was then about seventy years of age. She sits in an arm chair, full face, knee-length, richly gowned, both hands displayed, and a lace veil covering her head and falling off both shoulders to below her waist. Her head is slightly inclined to the left and she radiates sanctity. The spirit of resignation, meekness and gentleness possesses her. Placidity is outdone, and she is prepared to meet her Heavenly Father self-satisfied with a life of good deeds. Perhaps Jezebel *had* repented!

Two years later she had painted her third likeness, the excessively large portrait of herself, with two children, which now hangs in the entrance hall of the Jumel House. It bears the label: Portrait of Madame Jumel, William Inglis Chase and Eliza Jumel Chase (the late Mrs. Caryl). By Alcide de Ercole. Rome 1854. Gift of Louis V. Bell. As this painting has some merit, is accessible to the public and will be reproduced in Mr. Shelton's work, no further allusion is made to it here.

Still another, a fourth, portrait of Madame Jumel exists. Whether the painting should precede or follow the last two described is problematical. It is a small cabinet painting by the

American artist Henry Inman. It lacks the grace and elegance of the two European paintings, but possesses a sincerity which is convincing of its truthfulness as a likeness. It conforms to our knowledge of the woman and the epoch in which she lived. She is painted as a rather homely old soul, with a sly, argumentative, self-satisfied expression. Her medium-sized cap liberates, on either side, two masses of long curly hair which covers her ears, and contracts the width of her face. With little imagination you could believe her blear-eyed. Certainly she does not look lovable. She wears a black dress with a lace fichu, and is seated in an arm chair. Her two hands are displayed, and in the right she holds a letter signed Henry Inman; a method of signing he commonly employed. The picture is in the collection of Dr. George L. Laporte, of 129 East 91st Street, New York City, where I saw it April 6th, 1923, and when he kindly furnished me with its history: Stephen Burr baptized October 3, 1698, of Redding, Connecticut, and the Reverend Aaron Burr, born January 4th, 1716, were sons of Daniel Burr. Stephen Burr had a daughter Rebecca Burr, who married Seth Sanford, of Redding, Connecticut, while the Reverend Aaron Burr, (Stephen's brother), became the father of Colonel Aaron Burr. To Ebenezer Sanford, the son of his first cousin Rebecca Burr Sanford, Colonel Aaron Burr gave this portrait of Madam Jumel. Under what circumstances it was presented is unknown.

This Ebenezer Sanford, who acquired the painting from Colonel Burr, had a great-granddaughter Elizabeth Noyes, who sold the portrait, directly to Dr. Laporte, with the preceding history.

Obituary

Madam Eliza B. Jumel

New York Times, July 18, 1865

A SINGLE sentence in this morning's *Times* serves to awaken many memories of the past, and revive remembrances of men and parties long since crumbled or forgotten. Thus it reads: "Died, on Sunday morning, July 16, at her late residence, Washington Heights, Madam Eliza B. Jumel, in the 92d year of her age."

Madam Jumel, whose death is chronicled above, was a very singular person, about whose name twined many marvelous stories, and with whose history the greatest men of colonial and Revolutionary days were intimately connected. According to one historian, she was born of an English mother, Mrs. Capet, in the cabin of a French frigate, which in the year of our Lord 1769, was carrying troops to the West Indies from La Brest. The mother died as the child drew the first breath of life. Somewhat embarrassed by the tender charge, the Captain concluded to keep her, but afterward when driven into Newport, R. I., harbor, he placed her in the custody of an elderly lady named Thompson who agreed to take good care of her. Mrs. Thompson was a good woman, and many clergymen visited her comparatively humble dwelling, so that the early years of the little one were passed amid good influence.

Many of His Britannic Majesty's officers dwelt in Newport. Among them was a certain Col. P. Croix, whose personal appearance is reported to have been most taking—whose position in society was excellent. The Colonel met Miss Capet when she was about seventeen years of age, and fell in love with her pretty face and pleasant figure. She reciprocated the tender passion, which eventuated in an elopement, the indiscreet but entirely happy pair proceeding to New York, where the lady lodged at a "handsome wooden structure," but recently standing where now rests the north wing of Stewart's marble palace.

Brought at once into contact with the best people in the city, the lady became a cultured woman of the world, fond of its pleasures, versed in its intrigues, interested in the cabals of politicians, and espousing with ardor one side or the other of the continual military emeutes with which the latter days of the eighteenth century were so cursed in New York City. She was present at the opening of the first session of Congress at Philadelphia; in September, 1774, and at the inauguration of Washington as President, she created a decided impression by her beauty and general air of *savoir faire*. She was about twenty years of age then, and very elegant in person and distinguished in bearing. Mme. Jumel first met Aaron Burr when he ranked as a Captain in the army, and was greatly impressed with his power and expression. She was even then intimate with Benedict Arnold, whose wife she fancied her best friend, and with Patrick Henry, in whose breast of reserve she started a dangerous fire of love and passion; but forgetful of those noted men, and of the scores who bent willingly before her shrine,

she wrote thus of the man who, in after years, was destined to be her lord, if not her master. She says:

"Capt. Aaron Burr, in the hey-day of his youth, as he now was, appeared to me the perfection of manhood personified. He was beneath the common size of men, only five feet and a half high, but his figure and form had been fashioned in the models of the graces. Petite as he comparatively was, he had a martial appearance, and displayed in all his movements those accomplishments which are only acquired in the camp and embellished in the boudoir of the graces. In a word, he was a combined model of Mars and Apollo. His eye was of the deepest black, and sparkled with an incomprehensible brilliancy when he smiled; but if enraged, its power was absolutely terrific." Into whatever female society he chanced, by the fortune of war or the vicissitudes of private life to be cast, he conquered all hearts without an effort; and, until he became deeply involved in the cares of State, and the vexations incident to the political arena, I do not believe a female capable of the gentle emotions of love ever looked upon him without loving him. Wherever he went he was petted and caressed by our sex, and hundreds vied with each other in a continuous struggle to offer him some testimonial of their adulation. And yet, with all this popularity in the polite circles, he never took advantage of his position, and I do not believe that any female ever had cause to complain of his seductive wiles, perfidy or injustice.

The casual meeting between the two took place at the rooms of Lady Stirling, and resulted in Miss Capet's acceptance of an invitation to accompany Capt. Burr that evening to the theatre. On the way to the house, Burr asked permission to stop for a friend, and so doing he brought into the carriage and introduced to Miss Capet as his friend the afterward celebrated Margaret Moncrief. A desperate flirtation followed, but beyond that nothing of any moment occurred between them, and he soon after was called away, so that for years they did not meet.

Continuing her gay career, Miss Capet met and knew intimately the great leaders of the Revolutionary struggle: Thomas Jefferson was a frequent visitor at her house, and a friendship formed between them which ceased only with his death, in 1826. Old Ben Franklin called her his "Fairy Queen," and was on terms of such intimacy with her as permitted him to salute her lips in the presence of friends. Gen. Knox was likewise a worshipper before her, and Lafayette was greatly charmed. That such a woman as this should have gone through escapades and adventures is but natural; that she should take pleasure and pride in bringing men of the loftiest position to her feet is quite understandable; that her reputation should materially suffer by the scandal of her rivals and the jealous tattlings of her female friends is what one would expect; but that she should finally accept the hand of, and marry, a quiet, hard-working, adventurous trader, is a vagary difficult of explanation. She did it, however. In the early days of this century she was wooed and won by a Frenchman named Stephen Jumel, who landing here poor, made an immense fortune in the wine trade. He became noted for his wealth, liberality and kind-hearted benevolence, and singular foresight in business matters. Of him our worthy but eccentric fellow-citizen, Grant Thorburn, said:

"Stephen Jumel, a Frenchman, was among our early merchant princes. One morning, about 10 o'clock, in the year 1806, this gentleman, in company with William Bayard, Harmon

LeRoy, Archibald Gracie, Gen. Clarkson, and some dozen others, was reading and discussing the news just received from Liverpool in the extraordinary short passage of seven weeks. The matter mostly concerned Napoleon I and the battle of Wagram. While thus engaged, a carman's horse backed his cart into the Whitehall slip. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned, and every one began pitying the poor carman's ill-luck. Jumel instantly arose, and placing a ten-dollar bill between his thumb and finger, and holding it aloft while it fluttered in the breeze, and with his hat in the other hand he walked through the length and breadth of the crowd, exclaiming 'How much you pity the poor man? I pity him ten dollars. How much you pity him?' By this ingenious and noble *coup* he collected in a few moments about seventy dollars, which he gave over at once to the unfortunate and fortunate carman. This has since been imitated often, but of its originality with him there can be no question."

Shortly after this marriage, the downfall of the great Napoleon occurred, and the pacification of Europe was secured. This seemed a favourable opportunity for the wealthy Frenchman, who had long since retired from active business, to take his beautiful and accomplished wife to the centre of continental splendor. They went to Paris, purchased a magnificent establishment, and under the social patronage of Lafayette and his contemporaries, Madame Jumel became as noted in the *salons* of the French capital as in the parlors of the western metropolis. Her wit and talent placed her in the very van of the frequenters of the court, and while she never failed to make continual conquests, we are not of those who believe the slanderers of her reputation. Gaiety is not always quiet, frivolity not always the exponent of heartlessness, and despite Madame Jumel's wonderful gaiety and never-ceasing frivolity, she was deep and shrewd and able enough to maintain her position against the combined attacks of those who envied her.

Her life of prodigious prodigality made sad inroads upon her husband's fortune, and he became low spirited. She rallied him, but investigation demonstrated the comparative wreck of his estate, and she failed to arouse him to the necessary exertion. Self reliant, bold, independent and clear sighted, she broke up their establishment in Paris, and returned alone to New York in 1822. Resolved to mend what she had broken, she retired to an estate of her own on the island, and devoted herself to the recuperation of her husband's fortune with such signal success that when, in 1828, at the age of sixty-four, he returned to this country, he found himself possessed of means at once abundant and satisfactory. They lived happily together until his death, which resulted in his seventieth year, from an accidental fall.

At this time, Col. Burr was practicing law, with great success, in New York. His legal position was in the front rank; triumph succeeded triumph and although old in years, he seemed but in the prime of life. There was talk of cholera in the city, and Madame Jumel, who had large interests in real estate determined upon a carriage tour in the country. Desiring, however, to take legal advice in some matters before leaving, she determined to consult Col. Burr, whose preeminence in real estate law was universally conceded. It was a long time since she had seen him. Years had changed them both; oceans and events had separated them; marriage and its consequences had turned the thoughts of each in other directions; and now, when the one was an old man and the other a well advanced woman, they were to meet. He was perfect in all the subtleties of social life; she was the exponent, *ne plus ultra*, of fashionable

life. The one could not hope to blind, mislead, or seduce the other. His office was at No. 23 Nassau street, and she drove thither to consult him. Never forgetful of eye, or feature, or figure, he recognized her in a moment, and, as Parton in his *Life of Aaron Burr*, says:

"He received her in his courtliest manner, complimented her with admirable tact, listened with soft deference to her statement. He was the ideal man of business—confidential, self-possessed, polite—giving his client the flattering impression that the faculties of his whole soul were concentrated upon the affair in hand. She was charmed, yet feared him. He took the papers, named the day when his opinion would be ready and handed her to her carriage with winning grace. At seventy-eight years of age he was still straight, active, agile, fascinating.

On the appointed day she sent to his office a relative, a student of law, to receive his opinion. This young gentleman, timid and inexperienced, had an immense opinion of Burr's talents; had heard all good and all evil of him; supposed him to be, at least, the acutest of possible men. He went. Burr behaved to him in a manner so exquisitely pleasing, that, to this hour, he has the liveliest recollection of the scene. No topic was introduced but such as were familiar and interesting to young men. His manners were such as this age of slangy familiarity cannot so much as imagine. The young gentleman went home to Madame Jumel only to extol and glorify him.

Madame and her party began their journey, revisiting Ballston, whither, in former times, she had been wont to go in a chariot drawn by eight horses; visiting Saratoga, then in the beginning of its celebrity, where, in exactly ten minutes after her arrival, the decisive lady bought a house and all it contained. Returning to New York to find that her mansion had been despoiled by robbers in her absence. She lived for a while in the city. Col. Burr called upon the young gentleman who had been Madame's messenger, and after their acquaintance had ripened, said to him: "Come into my office; I can teach you more in one year than you can learn in ten, in an ordinary way." The proposition being submitted to Madame Jumel, she, anxious for the young man's advancement gladly and gratefully consented. He entered the office. Burr kept him close at his books. He did, teach him more in a year than he could have learned in ten in an ordinary way. Burr lived then in Jersey City. His office swarmed with applicants for aid, and he seemed to have quite lost the power of refusing. In no other respects, bodily or mental, did he exhibit signs of decrepitude.

Some months passed on without his again meeting Madame Jumel. At the suggestion of the student, who felt exceedingly grateful to Burr for the solicitude with which he assisted his studies, Madame Jumel invited Col. Burr to dinner. It was a grand banquet, at which he displayed all the charms of his manner and shone to conspicuous advantage. On handing to dinner the giver of the feast, he said: "I give you my hand, Madame: my heart has long been yours." This was supposed to be merely a compliment and was little remarked at the time. Col. Burr called upon the lady: called frequently; became ever warmer in his attentions; proposed, at length, and was refused. He still plied his suit, however, and obtained at last, not the lady's consent, but an *undecided no.* Improving his advantage on the instant, he said, in a jocular manner, that he should bring out a clergyman to Fort Washington on a certain day, and there he would once more solicit her hand.

He was as good as his word. At the time appointed, he drove out in his gig to the lady's

country residence, accompanied by Dr. Bogart, the very clergyman who, just fifty years before, had married him to the mother of his Theodosia. The lady was embarrassed, and still refused. But then the scandal! And, after all, why not? Her estate needed a vigilant guardian, and the old house was lonely. After much hesitation, she at length consented to be dressed and to receive her visitors. And she was married. The ceremony was witnessed only by the members of Madame Jumel's family and by the eight servants of the household, who peered eagerly in at the doors and windows. The ceremony over, Mrs. Burr ordered supper. Some bins of M. Jumel's wine cellar, that had not been opened for half a century, were laid under contribution. The little party was a very merry one. The parson, in particular, it is remembered, was in the highest spirits, overflowing with humor and anecdote. Except for Col. Burr's great age (which was not apparent) the match seemed not an unwise one. The lurking fear he had of being a poor and homeless old man was put to rest. She had a companion who had been ever agreeable and her estate a steward than whom no one living was supposed to be more competent.

As a remarkable circumstance connected with this marriage, it may be just mentioned that there was a woman in New York who had aspired to the hand of Col. Burr, and who, when she heard of his union with another, wrung her hands and shed tears. A feeling of that nature can seldom, since the creation of man, have been excited by the marriage of a man on the verge of fourscore.

A few days after the wedding, the happy pair paid a visit to Connecticut, of which State a nephew of Col. Burr's was then Governor. They were received with attention. At Hartford, Burr advised his wife to sell out her shares in the bridge over the Connecticut at that place and invest the proceeds in real estate. She ordered them sold. The stock was in demand and the shares brought several thousand dollars. The purchaser offered to pay her the money, but she said, "No; pay it to my husband." To him, accordingly it was paid, and he had it sewed up in his pocket, a prodigious bulk, and brought it to New York and deposited it in his own bank to his own credit.

Texas was then beginning to attract the tide of immigration, which, a few years later, set so strongly thither. Burr had always taken a great interest in that country. Persons with whom he had been variously connected in life had a scheme on foot for settling a large colony of Germans on a tract of land in Texas. A brig had been chartered and the project was in a state of forwardness, when the possession of a sum of money enabled Burr to buy shares in the enterprise. The greater part of the money which he had brought from Hartford was invested in this way. It proved a total loss. The time had noty et come for immigration to Texas. The Germans became discouraged and separated, and, to complete the failure of the scheme, the title of the lands, in the confusion of the times, proved defective. Meanwhile, Madame, who was a remarkable thrifty woman, with a talent for the management of property, wondered that her husband made no allusion to the subject of the investment, for the Texas speculation had not been mentioned to her. She caused him to be questioned on the subject. He begged to intimate to the lady's messenger that it was no affair of hers and he requested him to remind the lady that she now had a husband to manage her affairs and one who would manage them.

Coolness between the husband and wife was the result of this colloquy, then came remon-

strances. Then estrangement. Burr got into the habit of remaining in his office in the city. Then, partial reconciliation. Full of schemes and speculations to the last, without retaining any of his former ability to act successful, he lost more money, and more, and more. The patience of the lady was exhausted. She filed a complaint accusing him of infidelity and praying that he might have no more control or authority over her affairs. The accusation is now known to have been groundless; nor indeed, at the time was it seriously believed. It was used merely as the most convenient legal mode of depriving him of control over her property. At first he answered the complaint vigorously, but afterward he allowed it to go by default and the proceedings were carried no further. A few short weeks of happiness, followed by a few alternate months of alternate estrangement and reconciliation, and this union, that begun not inauspiciously, was, in effect, though never in law, dissolved.

Since then Madame Jumel, who has never resumed her late husband's name, has resided in her home at Washington Heights, comparatively alone. She knew but few, and cared not to extend her list of friends. She died on Sunday, possessed of considerable property which her grandchildren will doubtless inherit. Her funeral will be today."

W. L. Andrews had thirty copies of this obituary reprinted in a brochure of sixteen pages with a frontispiece of Madame Jumel. One of the copies he gave to the New York Historical Society. Taken in its entirety it is a colossal distortion of fact and an assemblage of historical lies.

The Blennerhasset Miniatures

HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT descended from the English nobility through a long line of ancestors, one of whom, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, settled in Ireland and became his direct progenitor. In 1796, he married Margaret, daughter of Capt. Robert Agnew, of County Durham, England, lieut-governor of the Isle of Man, the son of General James Agnew, of Revolutionary fame. The bride was eighteen, the groom was thirty-one. Her mother, Catharine Agnew, was this Harman Blennerhassett's own sister, and she, the bride, thus became his own blood niece. The alliance was discountenanced by the family and she was disinherited, while the blame was laid largely to the man's door, because of his greater age. He disposed of his estates for $160,000, but there still remained, secured to himself and wife, other small revenue producing properties. Blennerhassett and his wife then turned to America where they landed Aug. 1, 1796, and where shortly they bought the island in the Ohio River which bears their name, and upon which was erected a mansion, all calling for a disbursement of about $60,000. This was occupied by the Blennerhassetts for some years. Thence they moved to a thousand acre plantation on the Mississippi, adjacent to Port Gibson, where they dwelt twelve years, and then again onwards to Montreal. In 1821, he returned to England, hoping to reestablish himself in good name and fortune. In 1824, he assembled his family about him in England, where after ten years of disappointment, he died, Feb. 2, 1831, at Port Pierre, Isle of Guernsey, in his sixty-sixth year. His wife returned to America in 1840, and died, at her own residence, 75 Greenwich Street, New York City, June 16, 1842, in her sixty-fourth year. The Blennerhassetts had two daughters who died in childhood, an eldest son Dominick, a degenerate, a second son, Harman, of the same type as Dominick, and a youngest son, Joseph Lewis Blennerhassett, who, with his wife, followed his mother to this country in 1841, and who was a gentleman, a lawyer, a linguist, a peripatetic school teacher, and whose life ended in dissipation, in Missouri, Dec. 8, 1862. His two small sons predeceased him, and with him this line of the Blennerhassetts became extinct.

The names of Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett are interwoven in a tale of great misfortune. Disaster followed their acquaintance. The peace and prosperity which was Blennerhassett's gave way to unhappiness and ruin. Burr was the hypnotist; Blennerhassett the subject. When one fell, the other succumbed and a life of disappointment followed both. Blennerhassett's career might still have been one of suffering, even if Burr had failed to cross his path, for the ostracism that followed his marriage and a progeny that sank to so low a level would naturally entail much unhappiness. That it was accentuated by the failure of Burr's ambitious plans there can be no doubt. The details of it, however, belong to the historian—with the portraits we are alone interested.

In September, 1885, I was in attendance upon George Morton, Esq., of 46 West 127th Street, New York City, a gentleman of historical and artistic attainments, who enthusias-

Mr. and Mrs. Harman Blennerhassett — Daguerreotypes

Dr. John E. Stillwell

tically drew my attention to his recent purchase of a George Washington portrait from a discussion of which we turned to my hobby, the Burr portraits. His daughter, Mrs. Benjamin F. McClain observed that while she could add nothing to my Burr information, she could contribute something concerning the Blennerhassetts, at the same time showing me a unique ring upon her finger which came to her under the following circumstances. Her husband's father was Orlando D. McClain, the owner of a well-known hardware shop at 167 Spring Street, New York City, where he also resided. He was a man of probity and benevolence, and upon the creation of the Ladies Home Missionary Society, of New York City, about 1852, he became one of the mainstays of this body, acting as its treasurer, and in various other capacities. The Society directed its attention to the district called The Five Points, a veritable sink of iniquity according to sociologists. In one of its tenements lived Harman Blennerhassett, Jr., in rooms neglected and squalid, and upon whose door was a tin sign marked Harman Blennerhassett, painter and counsellor at law. As an artist his low standard productions found a small market and some were presented by him to the McClains; as a lawyer he probably failed of any clientele. Mr. Blennerhassett reluctantly accepted the attentions of the well disposed ladies, but greatly appreciated the kindness of Mr. McClain, to whom he gave several souvenirs, among them the ring alluded to. He was taken ill and placed in a hospital, and when his end was approaching, he gave Mr. McClain his few possessions, including letters and fine miniatures of his father and mother, each set in pearls, with the request that they be forwarded to his only surviving relative, a brother living in St. Louis, Missouri. Before Mr. McClain had time to forward these effects to their destination, a gentleman, representing himself as the author of a projected History of West Virginia, called at his house and stated that he was permitted by Mr. McClain to have the Blennerhassett miniatures, daguerreotyped for use in his forthcoming work. Mrs. McClain unsuspectingly gave them up, only to learn on the return of her husband, that the demand was without his knowledge and fraudulent. No clue to the individual was ever obtained. Several years went by, when a package was left at Mr. McClain's house containing, not the original miniatures, but good daguerreotypes of the same. It was simply left without comment. It is from these daguerreotypes, now in my possession, that the accompanying reproductions are made.

An interesting and truthful contribution—*The True Story Of Harman Blennerhassett*, By Therese Blennerhassett-Adams, appears in the 62nd volume of the *Century Magazine*, pp. 351-356, illustrated by the likeness of Harman Blennerhassett, owned by Dr. Martin; and in an article—*A Romantic Wrong-Doer*, by Edgar Fawcett, in *The Cosmopolitan*, October, 1897, appears a nearly identical likeness of Mr. Blennerhassett, as well as one of his wife Mrs. Blennerhassett. The likeness of Mr. Blennerhassett, now owned by Dr. Martin, of Boston, Massachusetts, and that of Mrs. Blennerhassett, whose owner is unknown to me, conform exactly to the two daguerreotypes in my possession. That these miniatures emanate directly from the Blennerhassett family and that these daguerreotypes are reproductions thereof, there can be no doubt. My reproductions fail to show the circle of pearls which encircle both in the daguerreotypes. I append two letters from Dr. Martin which have an intimate bearing upon this subject and which are self explanatory:

Nov. 17, 1901.

Dr. Francis C. Martin,
27 Dudley St., Roxbury Station,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir—

I received your letter of Oct. 19th safely, and you would have heard from me long ago, but I have been at my country place all the past seven weeks, at the bed-side of my only child, who is still critically ill. She is the last of the *direct* Blennerhassett blood, in this country. I am, together with Lord Kinsale, the nearest descendants (or rather, relatives), of both H. Blennerhassett and his wife, Margaret Agnew, who was his own niece. The two miniatures, of H. B. and his wife, were painted in London in 1796. He always wore his wife's and I have never been able to find it, or hear of it, before. She wore his, with both their hair set into the back. I never heard of Mr. McClain, although that was my grandmother's maiden name. The miniature came to me through a cousin of H. B., whose mother and father were kind to his last son, who, on dying left them his few family relics. These eventually came to me, as the proper heir, on my paying a considerable sum of money. I wish you would send me the two miniatures (copies) that you have, by registered mail or express, and permit me to have a copy photographed of Mrs. H. B. I will return your pictures intact, unless you are willing to dispose of them, when I should be thankful if you will give me the first chance to purchase them. I will secure and send you a fine photograph of the miniature of H. B. There is the best man I know of, for this work, in Boston, who made a splendid photograph for the Century, and I can get a copy for you. It seems evident that *this* picture, of yours, of Mrs. B. is a copy of the *real* miniature of her. I have tried to find it for many years, but have supposed it must have been stolen and the gold and pearls sold, and the picture destroyed. If I can get a photograph of your picture, I can keep up the search, and *may* eventually discover the original somewhere. I care much more for my great aunt, Mrs. B. than for H. B. and would give a great deal to find *her* miniature. Pictures of her have been published in magazines, but on trying to follow up the artists, and find out where they got any picture to copy, I could never get any satisfaction, and made up my mind they were all "fancy pictures," and made up out of the artists' fancy.

Please address me

Gilmanton Iron Works
N. Hamp.

Very sincerely,
Francis C. Martin.

Dr. Francis C. Martin,
27 Dudley St., Roxbury Station,
Boston, Mass.

Gilmanton Iron Works.
N. H. Nov. 21.
1901.

Dear Dr.

I am very much obliged to you for the photographs you sent me, and shall value them very much. They are fully as interesting to me, as the daguerreotypes would be, and I would not ask you to part with those. I will get you a fine photograph of my miniature as soon as I can attend to it. Evidently your picture of H. B. is from the miniature, or from a painting taken from it. It is turned the other way (i. e. the head) and seems a good deal *rougher* than the original. Probably this is from the early photograph, being so much cruder than those of today. You will see at once what I mean, when you get the picture. I have always been informed that there were 2 miniatures (H. B. & Mrs. B.) exactly alike in setting, painted at the same time, and that he wore his wife's, and she wore his. Also, that when he was arrested with Burr, and detained a long time away from home, that *her* picture was stolen from him. That he tried vainly to recover it, but never did, and thought the pearls and gold were sold, and the picture destroyed. I know all about the Cosmopolitan article. I wrote to the Editor, and he referred me to the artist. I did not hear from him for a long time, and he said the sketches had all been returned to their owners, and he knew nothing about the authenticity of Mrs. B's. picture. Of course your picture, may be an authentic portrait of Mrs. B., but from its shape, I should say it could not be from a companion miniature, to the one of H. B. but must be a picture taken under some other circumstances. I am very glad to have it, anyway.

I should be glad to hear from you at any time, and if I am in N. York, shall take great pleasure in calling on you, and showing you the miniature, which is the finest one, as a work of art, I have ever seen.

Very sincerely yours,
Francis C. Martin.

Portrait Of Mary Woolstonecraft

By

Opie

AMONG Burr's possessions was a portrait of Mary Woolstonecraft, the advocate of female suffrage. Colonel Burr probably never met this gifted woman but her writings had aroused in him and his daughter Theodosia such profound admiration that the latter sought a likeness of the authoress which her impoverished and indulgent parent procured. Opie, the distinguished artist, had painted her in a most satisfactory manner. Of this portrait Colonel Burr secured a copy. Allusions are made to it in his diary.

London, Nov. 21, 1808. "This reminds me to say that I have seen the two daughters of Mary Woolstonecraft. They are very fine children (the eldest no longer a child, being now fifteen), but scarcely a discernable trace of the mother. Mr. Godwin has been seven or eight years married to a second wife; a sensible, amiable woman by whom he has a son, a remarkably fine boy. Your picture of Mary is finer than the original, and he says a better likeness." *Letter of Aaron Burr to Theodosia Burr.*

London, Mch. 29, 1809. " . . . who painted my picture of Mary Woolstonecraft? I wish to have my daughter's copied in the same style." *Letter of Aaron Burr to Mrs. M. J. Godwin.*

"William Godwin former husband of Mary Woolstonecraft, but now married to the widow Clement."

The statement of Mrs. Joshua Webb to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens set forth among *The Interviews* that her father presented the copy of Opie's painting to Colonel Burr is probably correct and is strongly verified by one of the preceding quotations from his diary.

The Woolstonecraft portrait reached America but probably never reached Theodosia. It was owned by Colonel Burr at the date of his decease but was held by Mrs. Webb who practically sold it to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, from whom it passed to her daughter Ann S. Stephens, who in turn, in gratitude for his many kindnesses, bequeathed it to Mr. James Speyer, the banker of New York City, in whose possession it still remains, and by whose courtesy it is reproduced. Mrs. Stephens' interview discloses quite fully the romantic history of Mrs. Webb, and incidentally makes further allusion to the Godwins and Woolstonecrafts.

That Burr's portrait of Mary Woolstonecraft is a fine copy by an unknown artist and not a replica of the original by Opie is patent. Opie died April 9, 1807. Burr arrived in England in the early summer of 1808, over a year after the artist had died.

MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT — OPIE

Mr. James Speyer

Vanderlyn's Self Portrait

And

His Artistry

JOHN VANDERLYN'S name is reminiscent of Burr portraiture. The lives of the artist and statesman were interwoven for a considerable span and it is by the brush of Vanderlyn that Burr's features are now best preserved to us. Vanderlyn's youthful art talents were fostered by Burr who discerned in him signs of great promise which time justified. Starting as Burr's protegé, and twenty years his junior, he later became his benefactor's steadfast, even if at times his somewhat querulous, friend. Burr occasionally requisitioned his services as a limner for himself, while he placed with him a steady flow of orders for portraits of his mentally, physically and filially perfect daughter Theodosia. Her appeal to the artist during childhood and womanhood must have been great, for he painted her *con amore*. Perhaps no more artistic and beautiful portrait was ever created than the 1802 profile of this rare creature by Vanderlyn, inspired through his recent studies abroad in the school of the Frenchman, David. It is doubtful whether Burr's intimacy with Vanderlyn would have ever ripened save from their common devotion to this remarkable woman who was so unjustly abandoned by fortune. During Burr's exile, patron and former protegé were thrown much together, and Burr, with his unceasing restlessness, proved himself not a stimulus to Vanderlyn, but rather a thorn in his flesh. The artist resented his activities and Burr retaliated by entries in his diary sometimes not very flattering. To the singularly cheerful and optimistic Burr the artist had a temperamental make-up and was lazy and grouchy. Burr was dictatorial, dethroned and powerless, and Vanderlyn, now a monarch among painters, was disposed to ignore the orders of his erstwhile patron. No rupture ever occurred between them, but years after, through divergent interests, they drifted apart.

Jan. 30, 1811, Paris. Burr entered in his diary: "To Vanderlyn's, who was just (near 10 a.m.) up, and had not breakfasted. He was quite cross that I came so early, though his own appointment."

Feb. 11, 1811, Paris. "Then to Vanderlyn's by his appointment. He had forgotten the appointment; had engaged to go out; and was not very glad to see me."

Vanderlyn's points of contact with Colonel Burr were numerous. In company with his brother, the doctor, he came to New York, in 1792, where he entered the employ of Thomas Barrow, a collector of art and a dealer in artist's materials. Here he came in contact with Stuart and Trumbull and studied art in the school of Archibald Robertson, a Scotch miniaturist, until the Fall of 1794, when he returned to Kingston to practice his newly adopted profession during the winter of 1794-5. As he was only nineteen, he must have been singularly talented if he turned out anything creditable. In the spring of 1795 he started portrait painting and Burr,

interested in his welfare, through his copies of Stuart's portraits of himself (Burr) and Egbert Benson, paid his way to Philadelphia to study under Gilbert Stuart. Here he resided with that master for ten months, when Stuart told him he could teach him no more. In the summer of 1796 he painted a portrait of Theodosia, who had reached the age of thirteen years, and one of Gallatin, and another of Adet, all for Colonel Burr. In the Fall of 1796 he left for Europe, where he studied until 1801, when he returned to the States. In 1796, on his arrival at Paris, he met Bartow Prevost, Burr's stepson "then Secretary for Monroe," who aided him in his introductions. In 1802 he painted portraits of Colonel Burr and his daughter Theodosia. In 1803 to 1805, he was in Paris; from 1805 to 1807 in Rome, where he painted his celebrated *Marius;* in Paris again in 1808, where he exhibited this painting; June 3, 1811, Burr addressed him in Paris; in 1812, he painted his *Adriane;* in 1815, he returned to the United States and met with the antagonism of Trumbull, the indifference of much of the public, and friction with individuals. All this so disturbed him and absorbed so much of his time, that, with added efforts to get government recognition, he had little or no time to devote to Burr, so that they grew apart as they waxed old. Burr's diary tells of their early intimacy and makes frequent references to Theodosia's portraits by his brush, and perhaps the few sheets of Vanderlyn's Diary, which still exist in the hands of Henry Alloway, Esq., of Goshen, New York, may shed additional light on this interesting friendship and the Burr portraits should they ever become accessible. Vanderlyn died in 1852, at the age of seventy-six outliving Aaron Burr, his first patron, some sixteen years.

Though this somewhat minute statement of Vanderlyn's movements is uninteresting, it is useful in determining the chronology of the Burr portraits. How many he painted of the father and the daughter may never be known.

John Vanderlyn, the artist, was a fine specimen of the American race. He never married and it may be, as has been asserted, that the reason therefor was the failure of his suit for Theodosia Burr's affections. He was born in Kingston, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1776, and was only seven years her senior. When, where and under what circumstances his fine self-portrait was produced I have no knowledge, but Burr placed high value upon it and kept it with him until the last years of his life. It then passed to Mrs. Joshua Webb, a lady with whom Burr resided and who took a kindly, tender interest in his welfare. She was an amiable and unfortunate woman who, at one time possessed great personal attractions and a romantic disposition, so romantic indeed that she violated the conventions by marrying two gentlemen, and living with two others ahead of the dissolution of her marriage bonds. Poverty overtook her, yet she found opportunity and means to befriend Col. Burr until his death. Her needs soon amounted to distress and when that became acute, she turned for succor to that good soul, Ann S. Stephens, the authoress, whose interview I give at length further on. It is not unlikely that Col. Burr presented Mrs. Webb with this painting, but there is an even chance that it was left in her custody, and that she realized the moral propriety of its annexation, in her hour of need, as lawful payment for services rendered. Mrs. Stephens rescued Mrs. Webb financially on several occasions, who finally, either in gratitude or repayment of the loans, construe it as you will, gave her benefactress the Vanderlyn portrait. It was during Mrs. Stephen's owner-

JOHN VANDERLYN — SELF PORTRAIT

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ship that I first saw it, Nov. 14, 1882. Subsequently it was loaned to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it was housed for many years and where it now permanently hangs as a bequest from Miss Ann S. Stephens.

This self portrait possesses great charm because of its sincerity. It is a fine, masterly example of very early 19th century American art, painted, I judge, between 1811 and 1816, when the artist would have been thirty-five years old. There is none of that exaggeration in the pose so common to self portraits, but to the contrary, it is so restrained that it could easily represent one of the successful, sturdy merchants of the time. The features too are rather a surprise, for they do not typify a temperamental artist, but rather a stolid, unimaginative, truthful, commonplace man. The free arrangement of his copious brown hair, straggling on his forehead and temples, and perhaps his loosely tied neck kerchief, and his rather loud plaid shirt may reclaim him as an artist, or at least stamp him as something of a dandy. He is shown bust length, two-thirds facing front. He possesses a straight nose, hazel eyes, a clean shaven face, save side whiskers. His well modelled features are painted in large plain masses of color, and the values of the textiles, velvet, linen and cloth, are of the finest quality. The portrait is painted with great care and attention to detail; only one jarring note occurs (at least in the photograph) in the intensity of the left naso-labial line which apparently has been slurred.

John Vanderlyn, the artist, had a Dutch ancestry. The progenitor of the family in this country was Pieter Vanderlyn who was born in Holland and died at an unknown date, probably at Kingston, N. Y. He married, first, in New York, Aug. 8, 1718, Gerretje Van den Berg by whom he had a daughter Elizabeth. Both mother and daughter soon died, and he married, second, at Kingston, N. Y., June 20, 1722, Geertry, daughter of the Rev. Petrus Vas, by whom he had issue: Nicholas, baptized, at Kingston, 1723; Peter, baptized, at Albany, N. Y., 1726; Elizabeth, baptized, at Albany, 1728; Jacobus, baptized, at Albany, 1730; Gerardus, baptized, at Kingston, N. Y., 1734.

Nicholas Vanderlyn, the son of the forementioned Pieter Vanderlyn, baptized, at Kingston, N. Y., 1723, was a dealer in oils and colors, an artist and a Hudson River farmer. He married twice, first, a Miss Peck "from over the River," by whom he had (1) Dr. Peter Vanderlyn; (2) perhaps a son who moved to New Paltz, and (3) perhaps a daughter. Nicholas Vanderlyn's second wife was Sarah Tappan by whom he had (4) John Vanderlyn, the artist; (5) Gerardus, who died young; and (6) Nicholas, who married Nelly Low, by whom he had John Vanderlyn, Jr., also an artist, and two daughters Sarah and Kate, *elderly* spinsters, living at Kingston, N. Y., in 1882, when I interviewed them. They did not make a favorable impression upon me. They were most uncertain and contradictory in their statements. The histories of the paintings in their possession were meagre, hazy and generally unsatisfactory. To John Vanderlyn, Sr., their uncle, they attributed a supposed portrait of Governor Yates, a supposed portrait of Henry Inman, and a miniature of himself. To John Vanderlyn, Jr., they attributed portraits of Nicholas Vanderlyn and his wife, Sarah Tappan, a portrait of their son Nicholas, and to the two family artists two portraits of Eliza Vanderlyn, daughter of this Nicholas Vanderlyn, the second, both painted and finished one Sunday morning, by John Vanderlyn, Sr., and John

Vanderlyn, Jr., in competition with one another. Many of their statements were palpable errors.

Further information concerning the Vanderlyns may be found in the *Quarterly Bulletin, of the New York Historical Society, for October, 1921*, in a scholarly article on *Pieter Vanderlyn, Portrait Painter*, by Charles X. Harris.

Though it is a digression from my original plan I feel, because of the interwoven lives of Burr and Vanderlyn, that there is warrant in reproducing some of Vanderlyn's works to illustrate his artistic progress. His boyish efforts culminated about 1796, and are well shown in the very early portraits of Theodosia Burr. His development thence on was rapid. In the fall of 1796, while still markedly influenced by Gilbert Stuart, and upon the eve of his departure for Europe, he painted portraits of several of his immediate family. That of his mother is one of great excellence, representing her as a comely, dignified old lady, seated. Though it is lightly brushed in it is painted with confidence and vigor. Not quite so happily executed is the portrait of his venerable father, and still less felicitously painted is the portrait of his brother Nicholas. After a five years stay in Europe John Vanderlyn returned, in 1801, to America, a ripened and skilled artist. His sitters henceforward were artistically posed and correctly drawn; his flesh colors were pure and true; his paint was thinly applied and there was practically no impasto. This type of brushwork had been and was to continue prevalent for some years; it was the approved fashion of the time among the leading artists. Vanderlyn had now reached his zenith. During the few months immediately following his return, in 1801, he spent his time in his home town, Kingston, and it was then that he probably painted the two Bruyn boys.

In the Old Dutch Churchyard, Kingston, New York, are tombstones carrying the following inscriptions:

Severyn Bruyn born March 25th 1785, died Oct. 27, 1856 aged 71 y'rs, and Edmund Bruyn, Esq. born 4th April 1783, died 5th March 1847.

These two portraits are most happily conceived and executed. The younger boy, catalogued as *Edmund*, in the Senate House Collection, Kingston, (which I believe should be called Severyn), is shown seated holding an open book with his figure rotated three quarters to the left. His hair is cut squarely across the forehead, and flows to his shoulders on the sides. He is dressed in a coat with a heavy lapel and a spotted vest, and wears a distinguishing large white rolling collar. It is a charming portrait of a quiet, lovable, pensive boy of about ten years, thinly painted, showing the twill of the canvas.

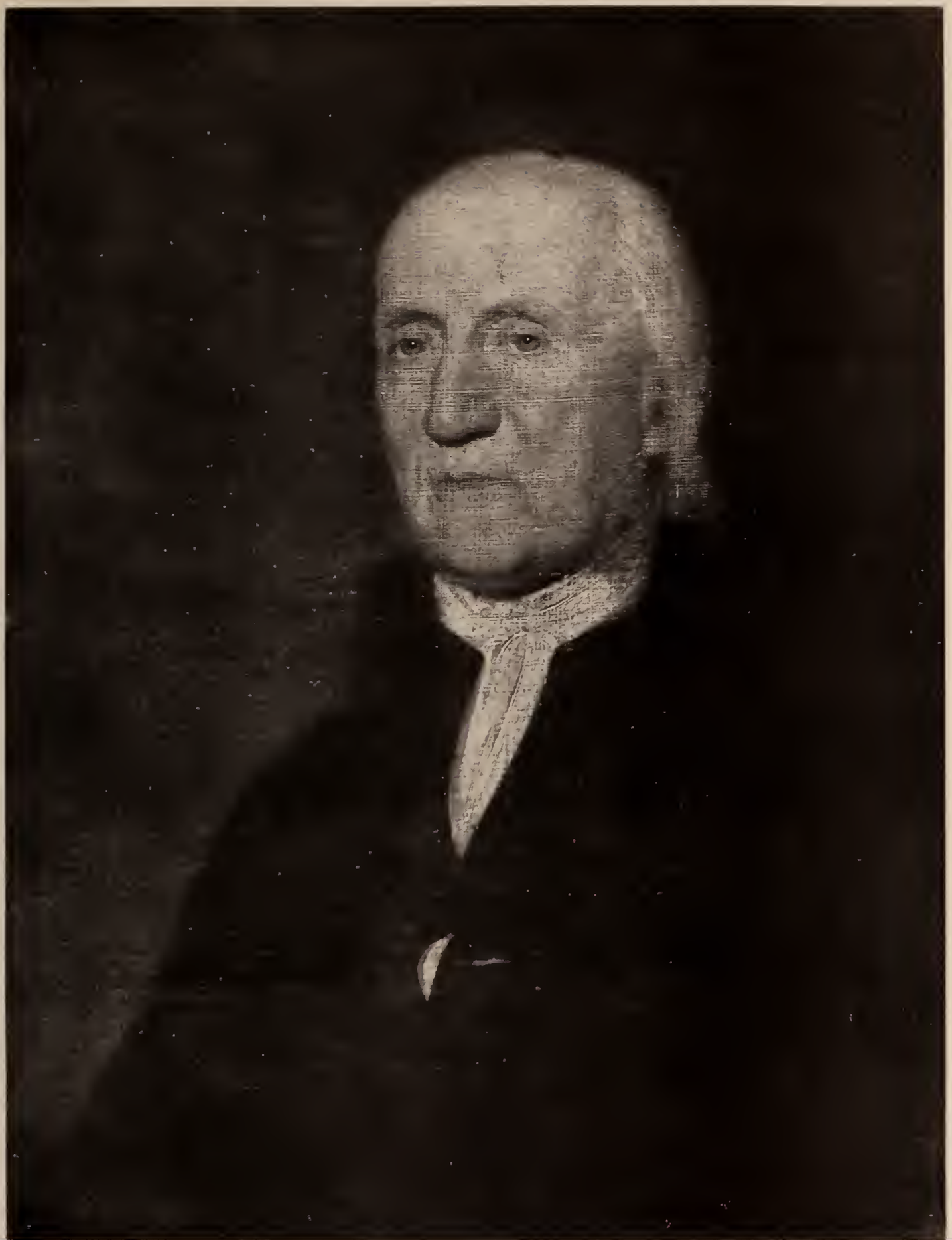
The elder boy called *Severyn* Bruyn, (which I opine is Edmund), is a companion piece to the former and pictures a youth about twelve years of age seated with crossed arms, leaning upon a table, with an outstretched paper before him, dressed in the style of the first French Republic. He is a manly young fellow with a face reflecting a mature, progressive and argumentative mind. His dress is similar to his brother's, save that he wears a *jabot*. Still the painting is thin and the canvas shows through. Shortly after, in 1802, followed the fine profile portrait of Colonel Burr and the extremely beautiful portrait of Theodosia Burr. In 1809 he commenced to fluctuate in his technique as would appear from a portrait of Colonel Burr, owned

by the New York Historical Society, if my deductions are correct concerning this painting. In 1811, as judged by his portrait of Theodosia Burr Alston, and the portrait of Governor Tompkins, he had compromised and the twill of his canvas was largely hidden by his paint. We may now pass to his last period. It was probably slowly reached and continued until his death in 1852. This period of his work occasionally, I may even say frequently, lacks artistic and pictorial quality. His portraits henceforth while good likenesses of generally local celebrities are painted with a heavily loaded brush and the paint lies flat and smooth, with seldom any impasto except in the garments. Vanderlyn had dropped from his eminent position to near the level of the majority. His conflicts, isolation and increasing years had dwarfed his ambitions and soured his disposition. He no longer painted for pleasure but for a meagre livelihood. His wing feathers had been clipped and, no longer able to soar, he gave his patrons what they wanted, what they could understand and what they could pay for. In this category come the portraits of William Cockburn, Judge Sickles and Judge Forsyth, all sterling citizens and men of public affairs, and the very beautiful circular portrait of an unknown lady owned by Edward Coykendall, Esquire, of Kingston, N. Y.

While Vanderlyn was primarily a portraitist he did well with mythological and historical subjects, so well indeed that it is regretable that he did not pursue this side of his calling further. The beauty of his *Ariadne of Naxos*, painted in 1812, may have been equalled but surely not surpassed. The original painting now hangs in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, while a variant, on a smaller scale, belongs to Edward Coykendall, Esquire. The artist's nephew, John Vanderlyn, Jr., is sponsor for the statement that it was painted from life and that it was used by the artist to create the larger painting. By a comparison of photographs of the two paintings the honors fall to the work at Kingston. Here the subject is painted with the drapery arranged to hide the naked breasts and with variations in the background. Vanderlyn's *Marius Mourning Over The Ruins of Carthage* is also a noteworthy work. It represents the dignified warrior, in a fine architectural setting, dejected and sorrowful. I bought from the Misses Vanderlyn, the artist's nieces, in 1882, an unfinished replica of this painting laid in with sepia, with the history that he started it for the City of Kingston but as payments were not forthcoming, he declined to proceed with the work. On the creation of the Old Senate House Association, I presented this unfinished work to them, and it now possesses considerable interest, as the original painting was destroyed in the earthquake which wrecked San Francisco.

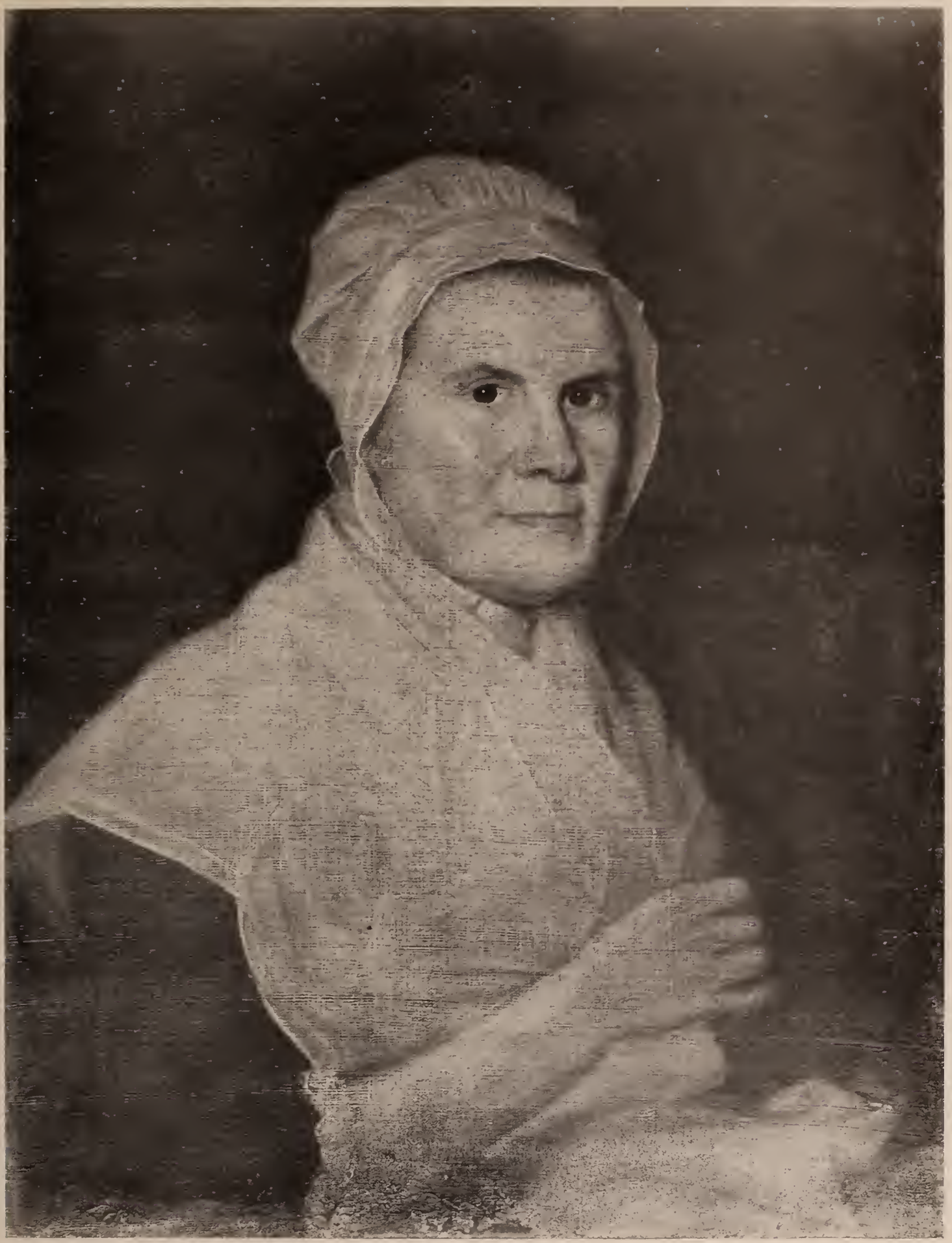
Vanderlyn made still further excursions into the domain of Art—he essayed painting religious subjects, but with little success judged by the unfinished female saint in the Museum in the Old Senate House. Her features are coarse though the pose and the drapery are good. Evidently Vanderlyn's forte was not spirituality. Another departure was in the creation of landscapes. His representation of Niagara, done in the winter of 1802-1803, provoked Colonel Burr to write Theodosia:—"You hear the roaring of the cataract when you look at them." Burr alludes to four of these paintings, which, like those of Versailles, now stored in Kingston, and the property of the Old Senate House Association, may have formed a portion of the panorama which he exhibited in New York City. Landscapes to Vanderlyn were, in the main, mere accessories to other paintings.

Still another digression exists in Vanderlyn's work—he is known to have painted with water colors. One such, in Mr. Coykendall's possession, is, so far as I am able to ascertain, unique as the only instance known. It represents an attractive woman, seated before a marble pillar in a wooded landscape, dressed in Empire costume. Standing and pressing against her lap is a seven or eight year old boy whose resemblance at once identifies him as her son. Their features are those of Swedes or Germans. The painting possesses merit. The ensemble is excellent, the portraiture beautiful, the garments fine except the mother's mantel which is execrable. The work is Vanderlyn's beyond dubiety, for it is signed and dated: *J. Vanderlyn—Augt. 1800.* Drawings from his pen and brush are not infrequent. Lastly, though the knowledge of it is now largely forgotten, Vanderlyn copied the Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington and his wife, now owned by Edward Coykendall, Esquire, of Kingston, New York. They can hardly be called Vaughns, yet they possess some merit.



NICHOLAS VANDERLYN, SR. JOHN VANDERLYN

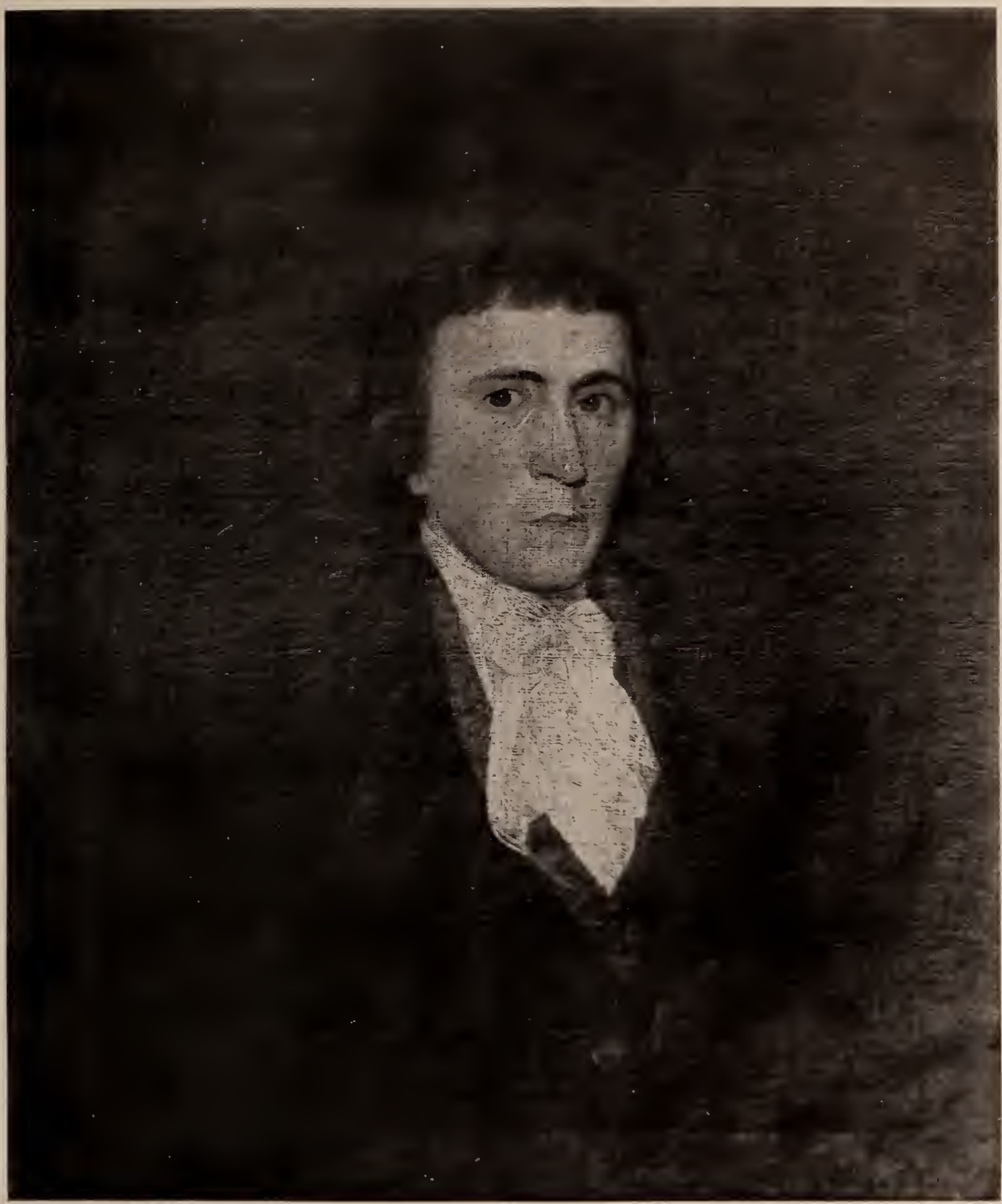
Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.



Sarah Tappan Vanderlyn

John Vanderlyn

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.



Nicholas Vanderlyn, Jr.

John Vanderlyn

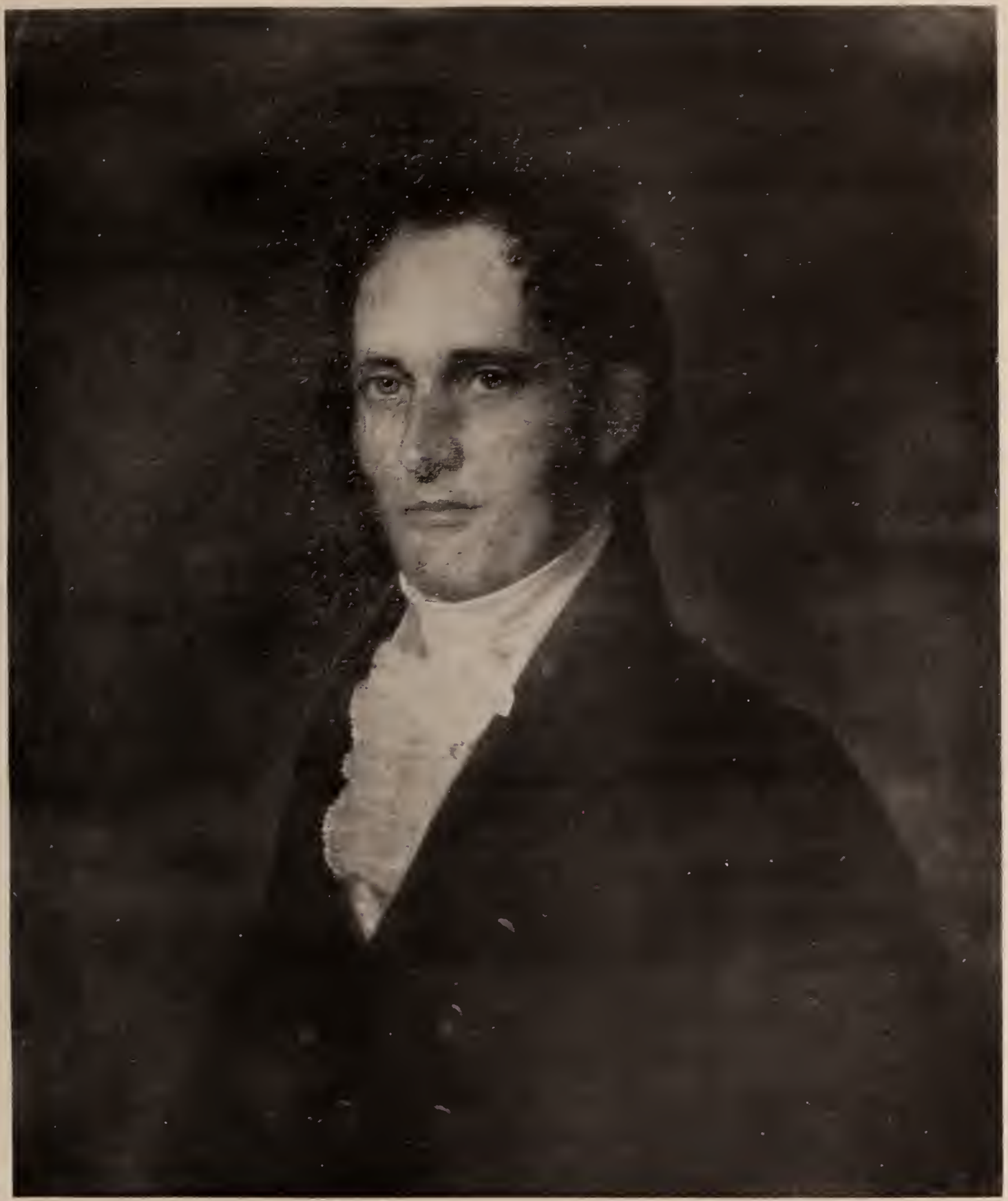
Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

SEVERYN BRUYN JOHN VANDERLYN

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

EDMUND BRUYN JOHN VANDERLYN

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.



Governor Daniel D. Tompkins — John Vanderlyn

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

WILLIAM COCKBURN JOHN VANDERLYN

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

Judge Nicholas Sickles — John Vanderlyn

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

JUDGE JAMES CHRYSTIE FORSYTH

JOHN VANDERLYN

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

Unknown Female Portrait — John Vanderlyn

Mr. Edward Coykendall
Kingston, N. Y.

ARIADNE — JOHN VANDERLYN

Mr. Edward Coykendall
Kingston, N. Y.

Marius Mourning Over The Ruins Of Carthage — John Vanderlyn

Senate House, Kingston, N. Y.

WATER COLOR SKETCH — JOHN VANDERLYN

Mr. Edward Coykendall, Kingston, N. Y.

Personal Interviews

BY COLONEL WILLIAM DUSENBURY CRAFT I was informed of Mr. Nelson Chase.

By Mr. Chase, at the Jumel House, I was informed of the existence of Colonel Burr's natural son, Aaron Columbus Burr, and of Mr. Henry Burr, the the retired merchant, and enthusiastic genealogist of his family.

By Mr. Henry Burr I was informed of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the authoress, who told me the story of Mrs. Webb.

By Mr. R. C. Edwards I learned of Mrs. Tompkins, nominated in Colonel Burr's will as the guardian of his daughter Frances.

She, in turn, told me the history of this daughter Frances and of Colonel Craft, Colonel Burr's last law partner, and through them my acquaintance was extended to other Burrites. The conversations held with these individuals form the basis of many of the histories of individuals and events hereinbefore set forth, and here may prove twice told tales.

Mrs. Tompkins' Interview

WHEN my attention was drawn to the Nag's Head portrait of Theodosia I wrote to Dr. Pool, July 9, 1878, concerning it. At his suggestion I addressed a letter to Mr. Amory Edwards Feb. 10, 1882. Feb. 25, 1882, it was answered by Mr. R. C. Edwards who stated: that his brother Amory Edwards had died suddenly on Oct. 22, preceding; that he had been a resident of Elizabeth, N. J.; that he left an only child, a grown daughter, and that there were no references to be found concerning the Pool portrait among his papers and that "It is barely possible that a Mrs. Tompkins who had the care of Col. Burr's daughter, Frances, may be able to give you some light on the subject of your inquiry. I am not positive that Mrs. Tompkins is living. You can learn of her son Minthorne Tompkins, Captain of Hook and Ladder Co., 5th St., near Avenue D., in this city."

Mrs. Tompkins was alive, and in the spring of 1882, I called upon her at Tarrytown. She gave me the following information: It was she to whom Burr consigned his daughter Frances; that Oscar Taylor, the witness to Burr's will died soon after Burr from tuberculosis; that the daughter Elizabeth mentioned by Burr in his will died young; that Frances A. Burr, his other daughter, was the child of a lady of 35 or 40 years of age at the time her child was born; that she was probably an Albanian; that she was ill at Mrs. Tompkins' house and was visited by Quakers; that her name is unknown; that she was last seen when the child was 2 years old; that Frances was educated at Miss Haines' fashionable school in Gramercy Park, New York City; that she was good looking, possessed a sweet disposition and was accomplished; that she married Levi P. Leach, and that she had died about three years before this interview; that her husband still survived and resided at Pearl River, Rockland Co., N. Y., where he teaches school; that they had two children living—Aaron Burr Leach, aged about 26 years, and Stanley Prevost Leach, aged about 24 years; that it was Burr's daughter Frances who erected the monument over Burr's grave; that she possesses a lithograph copy of the Vandyck painting; that in the possession of Levi P. Leach there is an unfinished portrait of Burr for which he paid in the vicinity of $100., which he considers a Vanderlyn, and which is identical with the Vanderlyn portrait of 1802, as it is known to her by its engraving. Finally it was Mrs. Tompkins who referred me to Col. Craft from whom I subsequently obtained so much valuable information.

Mr. Murphy's Interview

MR. MURPHY, the father of the late Mr. Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, New York City, was a man along in years, residing in Madison Street, when, December 5, 1881, I was sent, an assistant, to my subsequent distinguished medical partner, Dr. E. B. Belden, to see him professionally.

He was a most estimable and upright man, refined, well read and possessed manners of much charm. He had then, in his custody, a large and valuable collection of ancient paintings consigned to him from Peru, during or before the late Civil War, containing, it was claimed, works by Velasquez and Murillo. This collection was held by him in a fiduciary capacity and I believe he likewise had a personal interest in it. No offer could induce him to part with a single piece of his trust. What became of them ultimately, I never heard. The conversation turning on the vicissitudes of art, he remarked: "perhaps, Doctor, you may yet come across the long lost portrait of Theodosia Burr."

Inasmuch as I had only a month before acquired the 1802 portrait, by Vanderlyn, of her father Colonel Burr, I followed his chance remark with many interrogations, and his replies gave me my first knowledge of the Bowrowsons.

In substance he stated: "When I was a small child, clinging to my mother's dress, I heard her frequently gossip with her neighbors concerning the Bowrowsons. They were all residents of the same locality. When Colonel Burr resided at Richmond Hill, he employed Anthony Bowrowson as a coachman, and Anthony's wife as a cook in his establishment. When it became necessary for Burr to make a hurried departure from this country, he borrowed money from these Bowrowsons, and they, in turn, annexed all his available belongings, including a portrait of Theodosia, with all of which they removed from Richmond Hill to Sullivan Street. Upon Colonel Burr's return, he asked, begged and implored the Bowrowsons for his portrait of Theodosia, without avail. Anthony Bowrowson shortly afterward became insane, and it was believed, by his neighbors, that it was a visitation of God for his cruelty to Colonel Burr. The Bowrowsons claimed in their defense that Colonel Burr never liquidated his obligations, and that their possession of his property was held by a legal judgment.

Mr. Henry A. Burr's Interview

NOVEMBER 9th, 1882, I called upon Mr. Henry A. Burr, 44 East 34th Street, New York City, one of the most distinguished members of the Burr family. Among the many things he told me was a remarkable comment of Burr's, prophetic in character and unfortunately now realized. Burr, when travelling in New England, stopped at New Lebanon, Connecticut, to visit a cousin, the father of Henry A. Burr. The postboy riding by the house, threw the *Albany Argus*, the newspaper of that day, into the yard. Burr, who had not seen a paper for some time, read it carefully for a half or three quarters of an hour, when he abruptly threw it down and exclaimed bitterly "All that I have fought for has gone for nought; the Legislature has determined upon the speedy naturalization of all aliens, and they, once having tasted the sweets of liberty, will flock to this country to be soon followed by hordes of the lower element, among whom I have travelled in Europe, and in time they will outnumber you two to one, will rule you, will demand an equal division of your property with you. Next behold you will have an elective judiciary." This was in 1822, and in 1844 the right of appointment of the judiciary was removed from the Legislature and given to the people. Burr's remarks showed great vision and political sagacity.

Burr obtained a lease for a number of years of a large tract of land, which he immediately released to Astor, or a similarly large real estate operator, he, Burr, to have all the rents for the last three years, and no other remuneration; the lessor to pay the taxes, etc. At the expiration of the lease, Burr's daughter, Mrs. Leach, came forward and claimed the rest; her action was resisted, but the lessor was compelled by law to pay, by which she realized a considerable sum of money.

Colonel William Dusenbury Craft's Interview

ON JUNE 12, 1882, I called upon Colonel William Dusenbury Craft, who was then about eighty years of age. He was one of the most courtly, urbane men that I have ever met, aside from being extraordinarily personally attractive. He had been a student in the law office of Aaron Burr and finally became his partner. He knew the Bowrowsons thoroughly well. Anthony, of that name, was German born and a first class cook, and as such officiated for Aaron Burr; his wife assisted about the house. When Burr fled to Europe, the Bowrowsons were left in charge of all his effects, paintings, books, maps, etc. They advanced money to Burr for which Burr conveyed to them certain lots of ground in the city, but as their claims were never completely satisfied, they kept Burr's effects. Upon the vacation of the Richmond Hill house, the Bowrowsons moved to Sullivan Street, between Broome and Spring Streets, where they kept a smoke house.

Colonel Burr had a perfect gallery of portraits of distinguished men, among them Talleyrand; many of which passed to Bowrowson's daughter, Mrs. Shelburg, and were taken by her to New Jersey. She married a second time.

Aaron Burr's daughter, Frances, married Mr. Leech, a very fine, gentlemanly, cultivated person; Mrs. Leech was a most charming individual.

Theodosia Burr was wonderfully studious; study with her was a perfect excitement; it was first one professor, then another all day, hardly finding time enough to eat. She needed no parental urging, it was love with her.

Aaron Burr was the most accomplished man I ever met. In all my acquaintance with him he never used an improper word, expression nor idea. There was about him always a gentlemanly reserve. There were no sins laid at his door that Alexander Hamilton had not been guilty of; some worse, because Hamilton embezzled the public money, and when detected, openly published an account of it in a pamphlet, in which he stated: "Yes, I have embezzled and spent the money on Mrs. . . . . ," a noted courtesan of that day. His friends thought him idiotic; bought up all the pamphlets at any price, and settled his indebtedness. Lying articles have appeared in print concerning Colonel Burr, by men whose description of him is the best evidence they had never known him personally. Once, only recently, appeared such an article, written by an octogenarian, who, when Burr lived, begged for the pleasure of his acquaintance, and was so lowered and abashed by the noble presence of Burr, that he lost his senses and dignity and bowed himself out like a cur, stumbling over chairs, etc. He has attained wealth, still lives and is surrounded by children and grandchildren, and it was only to spare them that the article which calumniated Burr, speaking of him as mean and insignificant, was allowed to go unheeded. So much injustice was done to the memory of Burr that it was the intention of Judge Edwards and Colonel Craft, to write his life, but the work was regrettably never commenced. Burr rarely, if ever, lost a case, and the reason of his success

was his assiduity; he worked twenty hours and slept four, and Colonel Craft did likewise.

Three days after the preceding interview with Colonel Craft, June 15, 1882, I had occasion to see him again, when he supplied me with the following additional information.

Aaron Columbus Burr was born in France; came to this country early in life, and sought out Aaron Burr who befriended him despite Mrs. Tompkins' statement to the contrary that he was neither related to nor aided by Burr. Aaron Columbus Burr had a portrait of Aaron Burr, taken late in life, which Nelson Chase tried to obtain. Colonel Craft likewise had one, but in the midst of moving and business cares, it was lost many years ago. Chase, he said, had one at the Jumel House, as also many other effects of Colonel Burr, and ironically commenting, said "anything to give tone to his family." Colonel Craft's comments on Madam Jumel were not flattering. She was an American; her family resided in New York City; she became a public character, and lived probably in Chatham Street. Further continuing he said "her profession was not so public a matter in her day as now." Among her visitors were Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Monsieur Jumel and other young men of the day. Jumel was impulsive. When a poor cartman's horse dropped dead, to the great distress of its owner, probably his sole possession, Jumel joined the rapidly collecting crowd, looked on for a while, turned and addressed them, saying, "Gentlemen, you pity this man and so do I." Taking fifty dollars or thereabouts from his pocket, he exclaimed, holding up his money, "I pity him so much, gentlemen, how much do you pity him?" In less than five minutes he had collected enough to purchase a new beast.

The future Madam Jumel knew her man. Among her intimate acquaintances she numbered a priest and a physician. She was taken ill and Jumel was sent for. The physician assured him that she could not possibly recover, and the priest gave her extreme unction, while she implored Jumel to marry her, that her past might be blotted out by dying in the married state. Jumel consented in the goodness of his heart, and promptly thereafter a favorable turn took place in her malady, which speedily terminated in convalescence. She was a loud, coarse, vulgar woman. This story was given to Colonel Craft by John Pelletreau, who resided with Aaron Burr and who knew everything earthly concerning old New York families. Colonel Craft had never mentioned this story to anyone living, except his brother and myself. Pelletreau was mentioned in the Eden will as "to be a guide in business matters to the young ladies," etc. After Burr's success, in the great Eden case, Madam Jumel would frequently call at his residence in Jay Street, where, like all lawyers of the time, he had his office. She besieged him and he married her. She tried to rule and he demurred, and finally, when things became unpleasant, they parted. She frequently, thereafter, called upon him and besought his return, but he was adamant; she became angered, and sued for a divorce. As the suit was about to begin, a lawyer friend of Burr's asked him whether he should defend him. He replied: "No, no, for God's sake no." He was glad to rid himself of her at any price, and there is no doubt but the evidence that she produced for her separation was false. Burr was, in all probability, incompetent at that date and not likely to be guilty of the immorality she charged.

Madam Jumel was in the habit of riding in a large, yellow bodied chariot, with footmen and outriders. Chase, now living, in 1882, at the Jumel homestead, was a poor country lad who came to New York and got her protection. She afterward treated him like a cur, but he

managed to hang on, especially as he had married a daughter of Madam Jumel's sister. Madam Jumel claimed Chase's wife as her own daughter, but it was absolutely false; she grew up and she was known by her own family name until she married Chase. Madam Jumel willed her property to the children of Chase, a son and a daughter. Her estate has been in much litigation, and Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, who was retained as counsel, made it the pride and object of his life to sustain the Chase-Jumel interests. The Bowrowsons knew Madam Jumel very well.

Aug. 26, 1882. I again saw Col. Craft.* As usual he proved to be a mine of information and a remarkable connecting link between the past and present. He revered Burr's memory, defended his reputation and bitterly assailed his enemies. As I have said before no finer example of the so-called old school, formal and polished gentleman ever existed. I drew his attention to the article published in the New Jersey Historical Society's Proceedings upon the history of the portrait of Burr by Gilbert Stuart, and while he had never heard of the name Keaser, he agreed with me that it was substituted to conceal the name of Bowrowson. Col. Craft knew the Bowrowsons well; they finally moved from New York to New Jersey; he called there with one of the sons of old Anthony, and to reach their home they drove from Jersey City to Newark and beyond to a farm house, or at least a house with but one neighbor in sight. At one time they occupied, in New York City, a double frame house which had a roof with a double slant. This sat back of their stable and store in the midst of a considerable sized lot which extended to a small street in the rear. When Christian, the oldest son, took the business, the old folks moved to the brick house on the corner of Spring and Sullivan Streets, and he moved into the frame house. The New Jersey property was purchased out of their funds by Mr. Shelburg, who married their daughter Theodosia. Shelburg was a strictly honest man and following the decease of the old folks, when discontent arose, was able to account satisfactorily for all funds that had been in his possession. The children of Anthony Bowrowson were not over intelligent; the old woman, his wife, was thrifty but meant for a servant. In the large frame house above alluded to there was a room of immense size which was filled with the portraits and other articles taken from Burr's house. The portraits were certainly not less than twenty. To Colonel Craft they promised the portrait of Talleyrand, but when asked for it, they never knew "exactly who had it;"—they had probably commenced to dispose of the goods and this may have already gone. Colonel Craft became Burr's partner in 1822, and they then were working on the Eden estates and were likewise driven with other work. The claim of the Bowrowson family to Burr's effects must have been legally good. They lived in the city for many years after Burr's return and he never attempted to regain possession of these effects. When Colonel Craft was associated with Burr, he was asked by him to procure from his former effects in the possession of the Bowrowson family, a few globes (of the world) which he had formerly in his library. These he desired to present to his clients, the Misses Eden, then living in a neighboring city—Troy—Burr being then in Albany. Colonel Craft being on intimate terms with the Bowrowsons, asked for the globes which were willingly promised him. The old man Bowrowson, then insane (from long use of drink) wanted to help things along, so when he discovered

*Colonel Craft was born Dec. 22, 1802, and died Nov. 19, 1887, and was buried in Fishkill Cemetery, N. Y. He was the last of the three husbands of Magdalen Robertson, who was the youngest daughter of Archibald Robertson, the New York miniaturist, and none of them was happy.

them in the garret brought them to the head of the stairs and rolled them down. They were shattered into fragments and Dusy—(the Colonel's nickname among them) failed in his efforts.

Madam Jumel persistently visited Burr and drew him into marriage. She was a devil incarnate; overbearing and domineering beyond human endurance. Burr sold certain lots of property for which he obtained $15,000., which he invested and probably lost. This angered her and he retaliated in his cool way by saying "Madam I think I am able to take care of your property." They separated and she frequently besought him to return and it was several years thereafter that the suit for divorce was instituted—probably at the instigation of Chase who disliked Burr to have any control of the Jumel estate in any way. The witnesses to the divorce case on behalf of Madam Jumel were two servants, mother and son, both half witted, who had served with Burr. Eminent lawyer friends offered to defend him, but he refused; Burr was probably at that time sexually incompetent. Chase informed Colonel Craft that the decree was taken. The octogenarian referred to, who rendered the opponents of Burr service by villifying him, was General Webb—he who sold himself for political purposes for $52,000.; he who changed himself in politics in twenty-four hours, when the United States, through its agent Nicholas Biddle, President of the . . . Bank, desired the services of a newspaper; a man whose obsequiousness belittled him in the eyes of Burr. Webb's article in the *Evening Post* was followed by more reminiscenses by an aged man—none other than the well-known Thurlow Weed; he, who "sought Col. Burr's advice" in all matters of statecraft, likewise, as there were few to defend him, turned his pen against the illustrious man. Burr was generous and improvident; would spend his money so lavishly as to need oftentimes to raise money on his prospective fees in successful cases. This want of money and probably the little regard he had for the portraits of men who had been his friends in prosperity, but knew him not in adversity, were probably reasons why he did not redeem the effects in the hands of the Bowrowson family.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' Interview

NOVEMBER 14th, 1882, I called upon Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the authoress, a sweet, cultivated old lady. I was moved to make this call, as Mr. Henry A. Burr informed me that she was the owner of several of Burr's paintings. These proved to be a portrait of Vanderlyn by himself and a portrait of Mary Woolstonecraft by Opie, both fine works, restored by an Englishman, in New York, by the name of West.

When Burr was much broken in health, a good soul by the name of Mrs. Joshua Webb, gave him, so the story runs, the basement room in her house, to avoid the stairs, and ministered to his wants in a most generous fashion. These two paintings, now owned by Mrs. Stephens, were derived from this Mrs. Webb, who also possessed one of Theodosia, and one, probably of Red Jacket, the Indian, all of which were received directly from Colonel Burr.

Mrs. Webb was born Isabel Graham, or Palmer; her mother was a cousin to Sir James Graham. She was born at Netherby Hall, in Scotland, the seat of the Grahams. Her partly divulged history is interesting, sad and romantic; there was much about it she would conceal. Her first marriage occurred in England to Mr. Legg, by whom she had one son, and concerning this early married life we know nothing. She came to this country with Captain Stewart, an English gentleman, who was well received in society. While visiting with Captain Stewart, at the home of John Randolph, at Roanoke, Virginia, they had their sole child born to them, a daughter, who in due time became the wife of a minister in the United States, and who was the heir of Simon Lovat, Lord Fraser, the last man executed in the Tower.

She married, third, Mr. Newton, by whom she had two boys, one of whom, only, grew to manhood, and was known by the name of Malcolm Webb. It was while she was Mrs. Newton, keeping a boarding house, that she befriended Colonel Burr.

Her fourth husband was Captain Joshua Webb, a gentleman fifteen or twenty years her junior, and a man of wealth, who came from Santo Domingo to New York City.

When Captain Stewart's funds ran out, she was abandoned and it was very probable that she was never more than his common law wife, though she passed in society as one legally wed.

Her third husband, Mr. Newton, was likewise wealthy but became dissolute and lost his estates. He, she sued for divorce, which was promptly obtained with his concurrence, so that she could marry Webb. Stewart, Newton, herself and Webb were all present in the lawyer's office, it is said, when the divorce was agreed upon, and Webb stipulated to take Newton's two children, give them his name and educate them. Mrs. Webb was singularly fine looking, gifted and accomplished. After her last marriage, she moved to Portland, where she entered the best society, and when she subsequently removed to New York, she brought letters to Mrs. Stephens from people of distinction in that city. Webb shortly lost his money, and they were compelled to sell one thing after another, until they became so reduced that they finally

borrowed money of Mrs. Stephens. Mrs. Stephens' husband guaranteed her credit at his grocers, where she ran up a heavy bill which Mr. Stephens had to liquidate.

It was always the intention of Mrs. Webb to present the portraits of Vanderlyn and Mary Woolstonecraft to Mrs. Stephens, but her poverty was so great that she borrowed their full value several times over from Mrs. Stephens before she gave her title to them.

The portrait of Theodosia Burr, said to be the 1802 portrait by Vanderlyn, was seized for Mrs. Webb's board bill by a landlady by the name of Mrs. Crosby, with whom it abided, though Judge Edwards made effort to secure it. Later Mrs. Crosby informed her friends, wishing to increase her own importance, that it had been a personal gift to her by Colonel Burr. Mrs. Crosby moved to Astoria, Long Island, but the painting was never located, even though I made prompt effort to find it.

Mrs. Stephens referred me to a Mrs. Longstreth, a resident of New York City, a lady who moved in a very refined and intellectual circle and who, by deduction, I am disposed to think was one of Mrs. Crosby's daughters, yet I am contradicted by my own evidence. It was my impression that it was she who gave me the address of the gentleman whose letter follows, but it is incredible that a well informed daughter would refer me to an outsider for information concerning her own mother; so by elimination the address was probably given me by Mrs. Stephens, though Mrs. Longstreth knew of the Crosby Theodosia. Col. Brewerton's letter follows:

Springfield, Mass.
15 April/83.

J. E. Stillwell, M.D.,
My dear Sir

Yr favor of the 5th Inst. followed me to Boston: and was only rec'd a day or two ago, this will account for any apparent delay in responding to the enquiries therein made:

I regret greatly that I am unable to aid you: My residence in the Crosby family was a matter of many years ago—and memory recalls but faintly the incidents of my brief sojourn under their roof. Mrs. Crosby was then a very old woman and must I think be dead. The daughters (whose names you quote correctly) I met sometime in 1864 and I understood Mrs. L. to say that her mother was then living at Astoria—but I fancy that they had a hard struggle with poverty—and would be difficult people to trace—Mrs. C. could you have conferred with her would have been a rich mine for such information as you seek. She was full of anecdotes of Col. Burr whose last hours she appeared to have been familiar with—she claimed indeed to have been his nurse in his final illness, and told me that she cross examined him *without success* in regard to his "love affairs." Sinner as he was counted—he seems in this matter to have been a *gentleman* to the last—

Again regretting that I am unable to assist your search I am

Very sincerely yours
G. Douglas Brewerton

My address is
Col. G. Douglas Brewerton
Box "L."
Essex
Conn.

Mrs. Stephens' interview further revealed that Mrs. Webb divided with her husband her farthings, until her own death for he outlived her. When her end was approaching, she asked Mrs. Stephens to look after her boy Malcolm, as well as look over her papers and destroy those that she deemed wise. She died during the absence of Mrs. Stephens from the City, who was subsequently informed that Mrs. Webb was one day seen crying bitterly and destroying by fire, many letters and keepsakes. With them went her life's history and clues to her exact identity. Mrs. Stephens nobly kept her promise and Malcolm proved a sorry rascal. For some years Mrs. Webb lived upon an annuity which she gradually sold until her rights in it were extinct. Her daughter, Mrs. Fraser, after her death sought Mrs. Stephens and informed her that her mother had property in Scotland which she intended to try to obtain, stating that the children by Mr. Newton were illegitimate, that her father, Captain Stewart, was living when they were born. She was willing to sacrifice her mother's memory for the possible gain, but her investigations only proved her own illegitimacy.

Mrs. Stephens told me a story so remarkably romantic that it might well seem that she was falling into her professional habit of writing fiction. As the story ran, an old Scotchwoman went from house to house, selling small odds and ends to her customers, among whom was Mrs. Stephens. One day, while Mrs. Webb was living in this neighborhood, in her deplorably reduced state, she was visited by the old peddler, who hurriedly left and strangely next called at Mrs. Stephens where, in great excitement, she related that to her dismay she had seen "a lady of Netherby in sad surroundings." When interrogated, she stated: "yes, she had known her, as of course only the likes of a poor woman such as she could know a grand lady, only to step aside to let her pass and to courtesy; it was a sad day that her eyes should see a lady of Netherby so reduced." This was surely strange corroboration to the early life history of Mrs. Webb, a history to which she rarely alluded. Her father was a great admirer of Colonel Burr, and it was he who ordered, and gave the portrait of Mary Woolstonecraft to Colonel Burr, a portrait which has been engraved, and beneath which is the statement that she was the first to vindicate women's rights. Her husband, Mr. Godwin, the poet, had likewise an engraving made of himself.

Burr's papers were stored in her garret. One day he asked for them, and went over them tenderly and destroyed many. Of those that remained, Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Judge Edwards saw all, and not a line was there among them to compromise anyone. If such had existed they had been destroyed. Destruction does not mean incrimination; it was likely fine sentiment. Burr remained a cavalier as long as he lived. When old and paralytic, a woman called upon him, and demanded money for *their* child, an infant at the breast. Mrs. Webb, who was present, indignantly turned upon the female, expressed herself strongly, and ordered her out. Burr straightening himself with difficulty, turned to Mrs. Webb and exclaimed: "be silent madam! Any man who receives such a compliment from any woman, should accept it."

The Colonel was fidelity itself; he never divulged a secret. Once, when destroying papers at Mrs. Webb's house, he came across a lock of hair. She, as she commonly addressed him, said "Papa, (or father), who did that belong to?" "It is soft and beautiful hair," he remarked, with a caressing stroke. "But, Papa, you have not answered my question. Who did it belong to?" "It is as fine as silk," he observed and stroking it gently again, he looked up and said "you would not have me say more, would you?"

Mrs. Stephens likewise told me a story, which if true, would reflect strongly against the character of Burr. It bore upon his divorce from Madam Jumel and the use of a lady's name as corespondent. It was embellished with many circumstantial details, as told by the lady implicated, and was apparently accepted by Mrs. Stephens as truth. There was not a scintilla of truth in it however. It was a fabrication no doubt to save herself. Burr's divorce papers from Madam Jumel, after lying sealed for many years, have been opened recently and contradict every statement; no lady corespondent is mentioned. It was a vulgar report written in long hand, at full length, and has been laid before me by Mr. Samuel H. Wandell. Because of these discrepancies I pass by Mrs. Stephens' tale.

At the time of my interview with Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Webb has been dead about twenty five years, and was a claimant until late in her life, for an estate in Northumberland, which was in chancery.

The two paintings which Mrs. Stephens received from Mrs. Joshua Webb, the Vanderlyn self-portrait and the Mary Woolstonecraft portrait, were given by her to her daughter, Miss Ann S. Stephens, who in turn, by her will, gave the former to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the later to James Speyer, Esquire, banker, of 1058 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Miscellaneous Notes

(1) The S. G. Rains Company, of Fifth Avenue, New York City, wrote Pidgin, July 2, 1902, that they had for sale, at $400., a portrait of Aaron Burr by Vanderlyn. Letters at various times to various people failed to shed any light upon its existence and so late as Oct. 6, 1923, S. G. Rains, of New York City, wrote: "Replying to your favor of the 4th inst., I regret that I cannot recall the painting mentioned in your letter. I am sorry to be unable to be of service to you."

(2) Colonel William Dusenbury Craft had a portrait of Colonel Burr but it was lost sight of in his changes of residence.

(3) In the Brooklyn Art Institute, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the Fall of 1923, was exhibited a portrait, by an unknown artist, owned by Mrs. E. Le Grand Beers, of the Hotel Plaza, New York City. It was apparently painted close to 1830 and shows a young lady of approximately 25 years at breast length, facing the spectator squarely, head turned slightly to the left, dressed in a blue plaited waist, cut low at the neck. She has blue eyes, black hair plastered closely to her head, a pointed chin, a droop to the tip of her nose and a three loop gold neck chain. Painted on canvas about 18 by 24 inches.

In my humble opinion there is a mistake in this attribution. Theodosia's eyes were hazel, her hair auburn, she died in the winter of 1812-13, and her features were dissimilar to those in this picture.

In a letter to Colonel Joseph H. Colyer, Jr., Nov. 2, 1923, Mrs. Beers contributes the following information concerning this painting: "The portrait of Theodosia Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr, was owned by him and was among the contents of his house on Staten Island when sold many years ago at auction, and bought by the grandfather of the man who sold it

to the antique dealer who sold it to me. I have a letter from the former owner telling how it came into his family's possession. It is most interesting, and worth while."

(4) *Wives.* By Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton, Miflin & Co.). This work has a chapter devoted to the consideration of Theodosia Burr-Alston, illustrated with a portrait purporting to be her likeness. It is my modest opinion that in their claim lies an error. The features are dissimilar to those of Theodosia Burr Alston and the arrangement of the coiffure and the period of the garment suggest a painting made fifty years later.

(5) Portraits of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards and his wife are owned by the Eli Whitney family of New Haven, Conn.

(6) Mrs. Ciprano Andrande, residing at the Hotel La Salle, East 60th St., New York City, owns an unpublished portrait of the Rev. Johnathan Edwards, painted perhaps by Smybert.

(7) Mrs. Van Ness, of the Langham, Central Park West and 73rd St., New York City, owns Burr's snuff box.

(8) Some of Aaron Burr's hair was sold at the Frossard Sale, and there was also on loan, likewise some of his hair, at Fraunce's Tavern, New York City, the home of the Sons of the Revolution.

(9) Colonel Burr's cradle is still extant, either in Newark or the Oranges. *Mrs. Zinsser.*

(10) Even Colonel Burr's false teeth have been preserved in a small mahogany box. From the size of his dental bills, paid in January, 1834, he was apparently quite constant in his attendance upon Dr. Dodge, the eminent New York dentist.

Dr. Dodge's widow owned this denture and she dying, in 1881, it passed to her niece, who in turn offered to sell it to me.

(11) Miss Grace Jennings Perry, of New York City, saw at The Inn, at Plymouth, Mass., a framed engraving of Aaron Burr as a youth. This memo. October, 1925, from Samuel H. Wandell, Esquire, and confirmed by Miss Perry.

(12) Dec. 14, 1925. Dr. Stuart Close, 248 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote that he had received from Miss Frances Aymer Mathews, a novelist and playright of New York City, who was his friend and patient for many years, her most treasured heirloom, *the dressing case of Aaron Burr.* Miss Mathews, who died Sept. 10, 1925, was the great-granddaughter of Matthew Livingston Davis, the biographer of Burr. The dressing case, of heavy solid mahogany, is a gem of the cabinet maker's craft and is in a perfect state of preservation. It is eleven inches wide, fifteen inches long, six inches deep, inlaid with brass lines, bound at the corners with brass straps and corner pieces, folding brass handles sunken in the ends, ornamental brass name plate on top of cover, bearing the engraved letters "A. Burr," and an ornamental brass key hole plate. The lid, lined with heavy red morocco, contains the original mirror. The interior of the case is elaborately constructed with a tray, jewel box, and many compartments. It contains the original scent bottle (old fashioned pressed or moulded glass with stopper) and three opaque decorated (hand painted) glass cups.

In addition to the dressing case Miss Mathews bequeathed to Dr. Close the following likenesses:

(a) Daguerreotype of George Aymar Webb, maternal grandfather of Frances Aymar Mathews.

(b) Silhouette (black) of George Aymar Webb, endorsed in autograph on back, "My Grandfather, F.A.M." (Frances Aymar Mathews.)

(c) Miniature of John J. Aymar Webb, of New York, maternal granduncle of F.A.M., signed on back "D. Ames, Miniature painter, 92 Canal St., N. Y." (autograph).

(d) Miniature of Sarah Emeline Webb Mathews, mother of Miss F. A. Mathews.

(e) A pearl-shell card case and memorandum book, bought in Paris in 1850, with memo. on wrapper by Miss Mathews; "Great Aunt Fanny's card case—Cousin Arthur Smith's mother, given to Sara E. Aymar Mathews at Aunt Fanny's death."

Matthew L. Davis, the biographer above, is reputed to have had three wives as well as (according to Col. William Dusenbury Craft) an illegitimate son by Madam Green, who was known as Matthew D. Green, a politician, who was on the newspaper with Webb, and did not dare write differently than he was permitted.

Matthew L. Davis was the father of George Davis and a daughter, Miss Davis. George Davis, just alluded to, married and had Georgianna Amelia M. Davis. The Miss Davis, alluded to as the child of Matthew L. Davis, married George Aymar Webb, and they had a daughter, Sarah Emeline Webb, who married the auctioneer Capt. Daniel A. Mathews, and they were the parents of Frances Aymar Mathews.

Concerning the Webb family. A Mr. Webb was the father of John J. Aymar Webb and of George Aymar Webb, who married Miss Davis.

Of Captain Daniel A. Mathews, the art auctioneer, a press notice relates: "He was well known among old New Yorkers as a successful art auctioneer, at one time a wealthy man, but who met with reverses in business, thus compelling his daughter to earn her living. She may have inherited a portion of her talent from her uncle, Cornelius Mathews, who was the author of several successful plays, notable among which was the celebrated drama *Witchcraft.*"

Georgiana Amelia M. Davis, daughter of George Davis, resided in 118 Street, New York City, with Frances Aymar Mathews, her cousin (niece?), but predeceased her by some months.

Dr. George E. Weaver, 36 West 44th Street, New York City, a grandson of Matthew L. Davis, and Dr. George Reed, of Nyack, N. Y., are both interested in the personal history of Matthew L. Davis.

(13) The Mooney copy of the portrait of the Reverend Aaron Burr, which was rescued by Judge Edwards from the Bowrowsons, was engraved prior to 1882, for *Van Rensellaer's Presbyterian Magazine*, and again engraved for *Stearn's First Presbyterian Church of Newark.* The original was in a dilapidated condition and called for heavy restoration, which was made by the artist Mooney, before he made his copy for Princeton College. See article on The Bowrowsons.

(14) Mrs. H. R. Watkins, of 1627 Collingwood Avenue, Apartment C 9, Detroit, Mich., is reputed to possess a miniature of Theodosia Burr.

(15) Dr. Job Sweet, the bone setter of Narragansett, visited Theodosia Burr, at the re-

quest of her father, Colonel Burr, to reduce a dislocation, and Sweet gives an interesting account of his arrival in New York City.

(16) An inventory of the Furnishings of Richmond Hill, taken June, 1797, when leased to Sir John Temple, is reproduced in the *Quarterly Bulletin* of The New York Historical Society, April, 1927. In the Library there was listed: "1 Elegant travelling case with tea Caddies Bottles etc." This I believe was the so called dressing case mentioned previously in Note 12.

(17) Mrs. James Ross, of Montreal, (deceased several years prior to 1928), owned a portrait of Theodosia Burr, painted on sycamore wood, cracked and blistered. She was Miss Annie Kerr, the daughter of Sheriff John W. Kerr, of Kingston, New York, who befriended Vanderlyn. Her son Commander "Jack" Ross, of Montreal, Ottawa and London, England, inherited her effects. He gave a cruiser to the British Navy in the War of 1914. Mrs. Ross also owned a small "Ariadne," about 36 inches by 24 inches, a replica of the large one owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. This Ariadne picture is now owned by Mr. Edward Coykendall, of Kingston, New York, who owns several portraits by Vanderlyn.

(18) Frederick Prevost, Jr., had two daughters. Ella aged 16, and Libbie aged 14, as they appear in a perhaps or even probably a colored photograph?, about fifty years old and appropriately framed, about 22 inches square. "Uncle Frederick Prevost, his wife and these two beautiful daughters were said to be the handsomest family in Quincy, years ago. I am going to see a newly discovered very distant kinsman in our own Chicago. He is descended from the Bartow Prevost, brother of my great grandfather. They have a picture, a painting of the half sister, Theodosia Burr and I am very desirous of seeing it and knowing the owners. They have kindly invited me to come at any time—Mr. Wm. Breckinridge is an invalid and cannot come out to see me," etc., etc. Letter of Elizabeth Shurtleff, Marengo, Ill., Dec. 20, 1926.

(19) "Soon after his marriage, in 1833, Burr presented Chase with a portrait of himself and also with two mahogany drawing room chairs, relics of Richmond Hill, which are still owned by his descendants." *William Dunlap's Manuscript Diary, in the New York Historical Society.*

(20) Miscalled portraits of Colonel Burr and his daughter Theodosia are not uncommon, and some *old* copies are claimed as originals. I have seen as many as a dozen such paintings, one half of which the owners honestly believed were genuine, while the other half the owners, mostly dealers, knew were impostures.

(21) In 1928 the title to the 1796 Vanderlyn portrait of Theodosia Burr had passed from Miss Laura J. Edwards to her sister, Mrs. Mary Morris Edwards, widow of Charles F. Ostrander, residing with her daughter, Mrs. Adams, at 50 West 53rd Street, New York City.

(22) The "Rector and Inhabitants of the City of New York in the Communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church" leased, in 1797, to Aaron Burr that portion of the Church property called Richmond Hill, bounded on the West by Greenwich Street, on the North by Hamersly St. formerly Village Street, on the East by a dotted line A. B., on the South by Spring Street, formerly Brannon Street. This Lease was subsequently assigned to John Jacob Astor. The Mansion which stood on Charlton Street, formerly Hett Street, about 100 feet East of Varick Street was the residence of Aaron Burr. "*Map of the North Division of the Pro-*

testant Episcopal Church Properly and the adjoining properties of Aaron Burr, Mary Barclay, Anthony Lispenard and others." *May, 1882.*

The leased plot was rectangular and fairly estimated was about 1300 feet North and South by 1000 feet East and West, and would cover twelve modern city blocks. Through it was later run, East to West, Village Street later called Hamersly Street, Hazard Street later called King Street, Hett Street later called Charlton Street, Budd Street later called Vandam Street and Brannon Street later called Spring Street. While traversing it North and South were Greenwich, Hudson and Varick Streets, and a close approach on the Eastern boundary to 7th Avenue, then called Willow Street and later called MacDougal Street. On one block (as now estimated) North of the confines of Burr's property and three blocks from Burr's house, was the "Episcopal Cemetery," bounded on the South by Clarkson Street and the commencement of Carmine Street, on the North by Burton Street now Leroy Street, and on the West by Hudson Street, It was in this cemetery I believe his wife, Theodosia Bartow (Prevost), was buried. She died in 1794, while Burr was occupying the Richmond Hill mansion, and it would naturally be the place he would select. The mansion at Richmond Hill was built by Abraham Mortier, a British officer, about 1760. It was for a short time the headquarters of Washington, was the home of John Adams when Vice President, and was leased by Burr in 1793, who was followed by Egbert Benson. In due time it became a theatre which was ominously opened by The Road to Ruin. Later it became a music hall and the home of a circus. Its history is fully given in T. Alston Brown's *Hilory of the New York Stage*, Professor Odell's *History of the New York Theatre* and by Prosper M. Wetmore in Stone's *History of New York. Wandell.*

(23) Among the Sharples' Pastels in the Bristol Art Gallery is one of Theodosia Burr Alston. At this writing, after a careful study of the photograph, I cannot bring myself to accept it as correctly labeled, though I am informed that it has been identified by some of the Alstons living in South Carolina or Georgia. Perhaps they have accepted it on the strength of the attribution rather than from exact knowledge.

(24) A collection of papers relating to John Vanderlyn, the artist, is on loan at The New York Historical Society. They were assembled by the late Randall R. Hoes, Chaplain in the United States Navy, a one-time resident of Kingston, New York, and an accurate and industrious genealogist and historian. Among these papers is a manuscript history of the Life of John Vanderlyn by Robert Gosman, Esquire.

(25) I have availed myself of the vast resources of The New York Historical Society which are always at the disposal of students. This institution holds a foremost rank among educational bodies.

(26) Judge A. T. Clearwater, Kingston, New York, has been a collector of Vanderlyn relics and I am indebted to him for many courtesies.

(27) John Vanderlyn painted Theodosia Burr's eye about its natural size. It was then mounted in a gold band for use as a brooch. It still remains in Kingston, New York, in the possession of a lady.